

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

THE BEST OF
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IN FICTION FACT
AND COMMENT

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BOB looked after the car as it slowly drove away in the direction of Danport. "Queer sort of chap," he thought. "He came across in the end, but he didn't say a word of thanks. And his car is as bad as he is—engine coughing, springs sagging, and the back curtain cut away diagonally from corner to corner. I don't think he'll be much of an addition to Danport. I shouldn't know him again if I saw him; that is, if he kept his right hand out of sight. But what of that? Well, it's too late now to go on to Lew's, and I'm too dirty. Wonder what he's given me? Great Scott, if it isn't a five-dollar bill! What do you know about that!"

Bob tossed the boards out of the way and, picking up his jack, went home jubilant. The family had gone upstairs, and he followed them. After a bath he went to bed and soon fell asleep; he slept too soundly to hear the coughing old engine of the automobile that he had pulled from the mud as with its load gone it made the best of its poor speed toward New York.

The next day Bob was downstairs early enough to get his morning chores out of the way before breakfast. He had his big scheme to work out, and only five days remained for him to do it in. Uncle Joe would be kind; Lewis would do a good deal, and George might help a little, though unwillingly; the burden of the enterprise, however, would fall on his own shoulders, and he knew that he should have to hustle.

"If I can get my stint of husking done with an hour to the good, you don't mind if I take that time off, do you, Uncle Joe?" he asked his uncle at the breakfast table. "I've got thousands of things to do to get ready for Monday."

"Of course your uncle won't mind," answered Aunt Lida. "You always do more than your share of the work as it is, Robert. I'll see that you get your dinner prompt too, and I'll let you off from drying the dishes, so you can save half an hour there."



DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

"You all think he's so perfect," George said bitterly. "I'll show you sometime when he'll fall down!"

ROBERT THE RESPONSIBLE

By Helen Ward Banks

Chapter Two. George sows tacks and raises troubles

"Oh, I'll do those," said Bob. "I can dry dishes in jig time. I must call Lew up before he goes off to school."

"Did Lewis like your scheme?" Aunt Lida asked.

"I haven't told it to him yet. I didn't get up to his house last night. I found a surly old chap mired beside the spring and took so long to dig him out that it was too late to go to Lew's."

"Now that's too bad."

"I can go tonight. The work paid; the man gave me a five-dollar bill, a nice new one too. Good pay for an hour's work, wasn't it?"

"I'll tell you what, Robert," Uncle Joe said abruptly. "You've been here since you were ten years old,—eight years,—and you've never had a vacation. I'm going to give you one now. This week and next are yours to use as you please, and the car is yours too."

Bob flushed with pleasure. "Oh, but, Uncle Joe," he protested. "I can't take a vacation now. We have to get the corn off the meadow this week to seed it down with rye. I'll take time off another time."

"You'll take it now," commanded Uncle Joe. "I'm boss here, and I tell you five days



isn't much time for you to do all you've got to do."

"But you can't husk all that corn alone."

"I don't mean to. I'm going to turn George in."

"I don't know how to husk corn," protested George, "and besides I have to go to school."

"I know that, but it isn't too late to learn, and I guess I'll make a pretty good teacher. Moreover, you're a good enough scholar to keep up with your

work nights for a day or two. I declare I'm ashamed to say that a nephew of mine has lived most sixteen years and can't husk corn."

"It's too hard work," George muttered.

"It is hard work," agreed Uncle Joe calmly, "and I notice you always have to study extra hard about husking time. This year you and I are going to do that field. And I know your Aunt Lida; if we don't do our work right, she won't feed us up. She's awful stern, Aunt Lida is."

Aunt Lida's face beamed. "George is going to do his part, I know, and I'm going to do mine. I know how to feed men-folks if I don't know anything else."



"I can't feel right to go off this week," Bob protested.

"You go on and do as you're told," replied his uncle. "I won't have you round this week, and your aunt won't have you either—except at mealtimes. I've never known you to slight a stroke of work since you've been here, and it's time you took a breath. Come on, George, this is going to be our busy week."

"It's no fair for Bob to have a whole week off in busy time and make me do his work," mumbled George.

"Unfortunately, you aren't the judge of what's fair on this farm,"

replied Uncle Joe imperturbably. "Come on, lad, get a move on you."

George rose unwillingly from the table. "Haven't any overalls; they're in the wash," he said.

"Guess they were washed yesterday; you can wear 'em roughdry."

"No, Joseph, he can't wear those overalls," declared Aunt Lida. "I've got to patch them. You can wear Robert's, George; you can turn 'em up."

"Mine are in the garage," said Bob, and George loitered out to get them. "You're a brick, Uncle Joe," Bob said gratefully. "Having this time off is going to mean a lot to me just now. When I get my delivery car I'll tote your stuff free."

"You're a good boy," said Uncle Joe. "You'd better go to Danport this morning and see what you can do about gas; installing that station is your biggest job, and the telephone is next."

"I'll get them both done all right now," declared Bob.

Uncle Joe and George were in the cornfield when Bob finally backed the little car out and started for town. His mind was so full of details that he thought little of his driving until he realized suddenly that something was wrong with the car; it was not running smoothly. Stopping, he found that he was running on a flat tire. On examining it, he discovered a long, sharp new tack buried up to its head. He changed the tire, and as he was

putting the punctured tire back into the rack he shook his head thoughtfully. "I know where that tack came from," he said to himself. "I left the box I bought yesterday in the garage and then sent George in there today after the overalls. I was a fool to let him go in sight of the car. I'll take it out of his skin for doing this. It was a dirty, spiteful trick, and he did it because he had to do my work."

Dropping the tack into his pocket, Bob started again for town and reached it without further adventure. It was a busy morning, but he made his way quickly to the office of the biggest gasoline dispenser in town and finally convinced him not only that the scheme of selling gas at the new parking station would be profitable but that the station could be got ready by Saturday night.

Bob whistled as he drove on to the telephone office. His smile and his manner and his confidence made him successful there also. When he had got the thing he wanted he waited only long enough to learn the price of paper drinking cups and then drove home to dinner. He was more than satisfied with his morning's work.

"You look as if your world were all right," observed Uncle Joe at the table.

"Couldn't be better," answered Bob. "The River Gasoline Company were interested right away, but they want the station to be permanent. That's all right; I can take care of it. I had to coax hard to get the telephone company's lineman, but I got him finally. Now it's up to me to get ready for them."

"If you need extra help call on me and my man," said Uncle Joe.

Then Bob remembered his flat tire. "That man of yours seems to be working overtime," he said. "How long did it take you to ram that tack into the tire, George? I bet not so long as it'll take me to mend it."

"I didn't touch the tire," George protested.

Bob shrugged. "Maybe the tack jumped in of its own accord, but I know the mark of your tricks pretty well, and circumstantial evidence says that you were mad at me when you went into the garage for my overalls."

"O George, I'm sorry you'd do that," said Aunt Lida.

"I didn't do it."

"All right," Bob said curtly.

George looked from one skeptical face to another. "You don't one of you believe me!" he burst out.

Uncle Joe gave all of his attention to his baked potato; Aunt Lida took another slice of bread. Only Bob faced the accusation. "I don't, for one," he said.

"I hate you!" cried George, and his eyes were full of angry tears.

"That kind of talk doesn't go here," Uncle Joe admonished him. "Go upstairs, George, till you are better company."

"O dear, I'm sorry," murmured Aunt Lida as George banged the door behind him.

"He sure is a hard nut," said Uncle Joe. "I don't know what makes him so ugly. He worked so well this morning that I'd begun to have some hopes of him."

"I hate to have a boy miss his dinner," said Aunt Lida. When she rose to bring on the apple pie she set George's plate in the oven.

"You'll spoil that youngster if you pamper him so," objected Uncle Joe.

"He's a poor motherless boy," answered Aunt Lida. "And all boys have to eat."

She ate no pie herself, and as soon as she could do it with propriety she stole up to George's room. He was lying face downward on his bed, and his dirty shoes were brushing the white counterpane in a way that made Aunt Lida quiver, but she did not speak of it.

"Come down and finish your dinner, George," she coaxed, sitting down beside him.

"I'm not going to eat with a lot of people who call me a liar," George replied in a muffled tone.

"Did you put that tack in the tire, George?" "No, I didn't. I don't care what he says."

"Then how do you think it got there?" "How can I tell?" George retorted and then added rather unwillingly, "I did spill that paper of tacks on the floor."

"On purpose?"

"Of course not. I thought I picked them all up, but I suppose I didn't."

"Now why didn't you say that at the table?" asked Aunt Lida, relieved.

"None of you'd have believed me if I had. You think every word Bob says is gospel truth."

Aunt Lida did not answer.

"Don't you?" he persisted, lifting his head to eye her defiantly.

"Yes, I do think so," she replied firmly.

"You all think he's so perfect," George said

bitterly. "I'll show you sometime when he'll fall down." He burrowed his head in the counterpane once more.

"Don't talk like that, George."

"Nobody cares for me," declared George. "Bob never gives me a decent word."

Aunt Lida was still pondering. "You think it out, George," she said, rising; "you're smart enough to—and see if you've ever done much since you've been here to make anyone real grateful to you. I'm fond of you, and so is your uncle, and we want to see you grow into a good man. You study it out yourself why everyone would believe Robert if he said he'd jumped over the church steeple, whereas we couldn't any of us be quite sure you hadn't punctured the tire when you said you hadn't."

"I suppose because Bob's a saint," mumbled George. "I hate saints."

"Now don't you be so silly," his aunt admonished him. "You let Robert alone and mend up George a little." She laid her hand gently on his head. "Get up and go down and get your dinner out of the oven. The others have gone out, and the pie's on the shelf in the pantry."

After some coaxing George went back to his interrupted meal, and Aunt Lida, tidying his room, shook her head more than once. She kept thinking of George all the afternoon as she sat sewing by the window of the living room, but she did not share her thoughts with anyone until after supper. "Robert," she said as he was drying the dishes, "I don't believe George stuck that tack in on purpose. He says he spilled the paper and probably didn't pick all the tacks up."

"And you believe that, Aunt Lida?"

"Yes, Robert, I do," she replied. "I've had a good deal to do with human nature, and I can usually tell when a person's speaking the truth. George felt real bad that no one believed him."

"He's made his own reputation," answered Bob.

Aunt Lida swirled her mop thoughtfully through her hot suds. "We all do," she said, "but I'm wondering why we don't all make good ones. We've gone wrong with George, Robert. Somehow we've taken the wrong turn, and we'll have to go back and find the right road."

"Now, Aunt Lida," protested Bob, "don't you blame yourself for George?"

"I have to," she said simply.

"The Lord wants us all to go right and to help one another to go right. George is my responsibility, and somehow I've failed in it. Maybe you could help me, Robert."

"O Aunt Lida," Bob groaned. "I'd walk on my head to please you, but don't ask me to try to reform George. I despise him."

Aunt Lida nodded and was silent.

"How can I help it?" Bob asked. "He's selfish and vain and cowardly and boastful; he has all the traits I hate."

"I don't know," she replied.

"And I don't want to put too much on you, Robert, but I have to save George, and I don't know how to do it. He's unhappy, and he's groping round in the dark, and I never knew it till today."

To Bob's alarm a tear dropped into the dish pan.

"Don't cry, Aunt Lida," he pleaded. "If you care so much about George, I'll help of course; but what do you want me to do?"

Aunt Lida's blue eyes smiled up at him. "I don't know, Robert. You're so smart you'll find the right way. You're such a comfort."

"Can't we wait till the fair is over?" he asked. "A week more wouldn't count for George, and I'm so terribly busy."

"We'll have to take our opportunities as they come, I guess, Robert."

He laughed as he hung up his towel. "You do keep a chap up to things just by thinking he'll do them. Well, you have my word; I'll help where you want me. Now I'm off to Lewis's—if I don't get sidetracked again."

Lewis himself did the sidetracking this time, for just as Bob came downstairs Lewis burst in at the side door. "Hello, Bob!" he cried. "How goes it? I came over to see if you had any points on last night's burglary?"

"What burglary?" asked Bob, leading the way into the living room where the family were gathered.

"Haven't you heard? You are a back number. Good evening, Mrs. Merwin. How do

you do, Mr. Merwin. Hello, Georgie Porgie. Who's been making you cry lately?"

George flushed under the remark that struck so near home. Teasing George was one of the delights of Lewis's life, but he was too much absorbed in his news to tease him further now. "I guess you people here were as close as anybody to the robbery," he said. "It was Mrs. Lemuel Jones who lives in that big white house a couple of miles back. You know her?"

"They haven't robbed Lavinia Jones!" exclaimed Aunt Lida.

"Took almost everything she owns. She was asked out to supper last night and went away about six o'clock. She left Banerman and his wife—that couple who work for her—to

guard the house, but it seems they took it into their heads to go out too, and so the house was unoccupied from seven o'clock on. When Mrs. Jones got home about ten she found it not only empty of people but of everything else,—bronzes, silver and jewelry,—a good many thousand dollars' worth in all. The house had been regularly looted."

"Have they any clue to the burglar?" asked Bob.

"The only thing I've heard," replied Lewis, "is that Sam Smith saw a strange car in that vicinity just about dark. It was an old Hycmobile with a well-worn engine, and the back curtain was cut diagonally across from corner to corner. He didn't notice who was driving."

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHEN GRANDMOTHER RUTH FED THE RACER

By C.A. Stephens

FOR ten years after Grandmother Ruth first came to live at the farm in Maine—she was only eighteen years old at the time—she spun all the shoe thread that was used in the settlement and indeed in several other places in the county. Shoes and boots were all made locally then. Every settlement had one or more shoemakers, each of whom had his own bench and lasts, made waxed ends and sewed and pegged away as the wants of the pioneers required.

The shoemakers paid grandmother five cents a hank for the shoe thread, which was of two kinds, fine and coarse; and a hank was enough for three pairs of shoes. The thread was linen, and she spun it on a little linen wheel from flax that she and the old squire,

fireplace. In winter when the weather was bleak and stormy the old squire was wont to fetch his frow and skiver and to rive pegs from seasoned white ash wood for the shoemakers to peg the soles of boots and shoes with. There was even a little vat at the old farm in which by using lye and a decoction of hemlock bark they tanned the calfskins that they used for their own shoes. It is clear that those thrifty young people allowed no possible profit from the pioneer shoe business to escape them.

"For ten years after I first came here," Grandmother Ruth used to say, "I furnished everything for my shoes except the squeak!"

In pleasant weather, no matter how cold it was, young Grandmother Ruth was at her spinning. Except for little Coville, who then was a baby perhaps a year old, she was usually alone, for the old squire would be gone for

the day in the great woods, riving and shaving long pine shingles—then called splits—for the roof of a new barn for himself or perhaps for the houses, sheds and barns of his pioneer neighbors. By working smartly he could in one day put up five bunches of splits, for which he received twenty cents a bunch, the sum to be paid in farm work the following summer.

The distance from the farm up to the group of old "punkin" pines where he worked was fully a mile, and he was accustomed to take his midday luncheon with him in a basket. But on the 5th of March of the year that Coville was a year old a "lucivee" had stolen up as the old squire was sitting on the shave horse and had carried off the basket. In consequence he went without his luncheon. On returning to his work the next morning he carried the old "United States piece" loaded with buckshot; he intended to give Mr. Lucivee a warm reception if he came round again.

Bears were then emerging from their winter dens; there had already been one heavy rain-storm that had carried off more than half the snow and that had waked bruin from his hibernal

slumbers. Bears had given a good deal of trouble the season before; either there was really an unusually large number of them or from lack of berries in the wild lands more bears than usual had come close to the settlers' farms in quest of food. For years afterwards the time was often alluded to as "the great bear year," just as other years were referred to as "the gray-squirrel year" and "the great pigeon year." So many bears appeared and were so fierce and bold that to save their hogs and sheep the settlers built strong, covered hogpens and sheep pens and even low log barns for their neat stock, especially the calves. I have heard the old squire say that during September that year bears came round every night, and that several times they mounted the roof of his pig house in their efforts to enter; fortunately, however, the roof was weighted with stones. One of the old hogs was wont to squeal fearfully when a bear-tried-to-break-into-her-pen; the squeal was a call for help—a call to which grandfather, gun in hand, generally responded promptly. Although the old squire had no

The shoemakers paid grandmother five cents a hank



time for hunting, he shot six bears that fall, three of them at night, and he fired at more than twenty. Other settlers had similar experiences. Bears were not only numerous but unusually bold.

Singularly enough, the bears almost all disappeared during the following winter. The next season there were scarcely so many as usual, and what few there were were as shy as bears generally are. The settlers seemed to think that, since no skeletons were found in the woods, the bears had died of some distemper in their dens during the winter. Hunters tell me that they seldom or never find the bones of bears in the forest; yet like other animals bears die of old age; perhaps the explanation is that they always die in their dens.

Naturalists say that in the United States there is only one species of black bear, *Ursus americanus*; but our pioneer settlers in Maine always spoke of two kinds—small bears and "racers." The racers were much larger than the common bear and had longer legs; the hind legs were especially long. Moreover, they almost always had white on them, usually underneath the chin and down the breast, but sometimes along the entire under parts of the body. They also had light, buff-colored jowls. All bears run well, but racers were said to run at a fast gallop. On the other hand, they were poor climbers.

My cousin Addison, whose dicta in youth I always accepted, once said that there were probably two varieties—not species—of *Ursus americanus* in New England, one of which the larger, or racer, variety, was here in advance of the other and for many thousands of years. Subsequently, he thought, the smaller common variety appeared and inhabited the country jointly with the other. Addison believed that in former ages all or at least many of the animals were larger and more formidable than they are at the present day. On such matters, however, there are likely to be diverse opinions.

While the old squire with his "United States piece" was up in the woods Grandmother Ruth was at the house, spinning shoe thread. Little Coville was asleep in his cradle beside her; no one else was within hearing.

That afternoon above the hum of the little wheel she suddenly heard sounds outside, as if some one were ripping off boards and splitting them; the sounds seemed to come from the corncrib behind the house. Glancing out at a rear window, she caught sight of a large black animal standing partly behind the crib and tearing off the narrow strips of board that formed the sides. Now, their nearest neighbors, the Edwards family, had a black cow, and, as only part of one dark side of the animal at the corncrib was visible, Grandmother Ruth jumped to the conclusion that Blackie—that was what they called the cow—was trying to help herself to the ears of corn. So, running through the woodshed, which adjoined the house, and arming herself with a quilting pole, she opened the back door and dashed outside, intending to give the vagrant a sound whack and to drive her home. In fact, grandmother had turned the corner of the crib and was within striking distance of the marauder when to her extreme discomfiture she saw that the animal was no cow but a huge, long-legged, hungry bear! Its head was uplifted, and it was champing an ear of dry corn.

Needless to say, Grandmother Ruth turned and ran back faster than she had run forth. But the bear saw her and, instead of running away, as most bears would have done, uttered a hollow growl and, spitting out almost a quart of corn from its mouth, started stiffly after her. In a few moments, however, she was back inside the woodshed. Hastily barring the door, she ran into the house and after a glance at little Coville peered from the window again. The bear had not followed her to the door, but was standing a little way off; its head was raised, and it was viewing the buildings curiously. Grandmother Ruth had seen bears before, both alive and dead, but she had never seen one so large or one so oddly shaped. She always asserted that it was fully as large as the Edwards's black cow, and that its hind quarters stood much higher than its head. She declared also that it had yellowish rings round its eyes and a white spot under its throat.

The farm buildings that Grandmother Ruth and the old squire lived in then were not the buildings that our family occupied when we young folks went home to live at the close of the Civil War; they were a more primitive set and had been dispensed with long before our time. In the old buildings the windows were small, and the doors were provided with bars. Grandmother had little fear that the bear would break into the



Arming herself with a quilting pole, she opened the back door and dashed outside, intending to give the vagrant a sound whack

house. She thought of shooting it and went to look in the bedroom where they kept the "United States piece"; then she remembered that the old squire had taken it with him that morning to shoot the "lucivee." She glanced from the window again. The bear had turned away and was approaching the pigpen, which, however, was now empty.

The woodshed connected the house with the barn, against the far end of which the log pigpen was built. The arrangement was usual at the time; it enabled people to go under cover from the house to the barn, a great convenience in stormy weather.

In the farther side of the pigpen was an aperture perhaps four feet square through which the pigs could go and come by day, but which at night was closed by means of a heavy drop door, or gate, made so strong that there was no danger of a bear's being able to break it down. But since at that time the pen was empty the drop door was raised and kept up by a little strip of board set close to one side of the hole.

For several moments the racer stood in front of the aperture, sniffing and looking round; at last it walked inside. A cow indeed might have entered it. Grandmother Ruth, who stood watching at the back window, heard the bear moving round inside the pen; hanging in it were two or three pouches of waste meat left after butchering the pigs, the kind of meat that the pioneers saved for soap grease, which the bear had undoubtedly smelled. She also heard the cows and young cattle in the adjoining barn "groaning"—that is to say, mooring low with fear. They had scented or heard the bear and knew that it was prowling close to them.

After listening awhile Grandmother Ruth first made the window fast and then with the thought of doing something to quiet the disturbed stock ran out through the woodhouse to the barn. As there was no door or other opening from the pigpen into the barn,

she was not much afraid of the bear. The creature appeared to have found enough to keep it employed inside the pen. She could hear it loudly champing something, probably the pouches of waste meat. There were chinks between the logs where the pen abutted the end of the barn, and, stealing forward, she peeped through one of them. The bear had torn up the pig troughs and, being very hungry, was gnawing at them and making loud slaverling noises. From where she stood she could see the opening beyond, through which the bear had entered the pen, and as she looked the idea came to her suddenly that she might trap the animal. She wondered whether she should have the courage to steal out at the side door of the barn, creep along, turn the corner of the pen and knock out the prop that held up the door.

The scheme filled her with wild glee, especially when she thought of the old squire. "Wouldn't Joe say that was a cute trick!" she thought. "And there will be the hide and the bounty!"

But did she dare try it? What if the bear were to scent her and rush out? Still it seemed too intent on gnawing the pigs' troughs to notice anything else. Grandmother Ruth was as quick as a cat in those days; she determined to risk the bear's coming out. Opening the side door of the barn a crack, she slipped out and, making a quick, noiseless dash round the corner of the pigpen, snatched the prop that held the drop door. Down it came with a dull bump, and before the unsuspecting racer had time to turn and see what had happened she was back inside the barn, listening for what might follow.

For several moments all was quiet except for the "groaning" of the cattle. She stole forward to peep through the cracks again. The big, black beast had stopped gnawing the pigs' troughs and, having turned round, was regarding the drop door with an air of astonishment. Suddenly the creature appeared

to realize that something was wrong. With a terrific roar it rushed at the door and tried to pull it aside with its toenails. Not succeeding, it rose on its hind legs and ran round the pen, roaring and mauling the walls; it was so tall that it bumped its head against the roof. With its raised paws it pushed against the roof till it shook and cracked; Grandmother Ruth thought surely that the bear would break out, for the whole structure rocked, and the ends of the logs, even though they were locked together, rose and yawed at the corners.

Unable to push the roof off on account of the weight of rocks on it, the enraged beast tried to dig under the log walls of the pen, but the still hard-frozen earth resisted its nails. The creature showed such gigantic strength, however, that Grandmother Ruth did not doubt that it would soon free itself; turning, she ran back toward the house to make the doors and windows fast and to protect little Coville.

As she was going through the woodhouse she happened to notice a large box of frozen fish. At that time the lake abounded with trout, and earlier in the winter the old squire had caught two hundred or more fine large ones through holes in the ice and had packed them in snow to keep for table use as wanted. There were still a hundred or more fish in the box, and it occurred to Grandmother Ruth that, as the bear appeared very hungry, she might divert its attention with a meal of those trout, at least till the old squire came home with the gun. She hastily dug out as many fish as she could carry in a bushel basket and after a hasty glance into the house to see that her baby needed no attention hurried back to the barn with the basket and, approaching the crack again, peeped into the pen. Apparently the racer had somewhat exhausted itself with its fruitless efforts to break out; it was sitting up like a big dog in the middle of the pen, and its eyes were rolling, and its jaws were slaverling with rage.

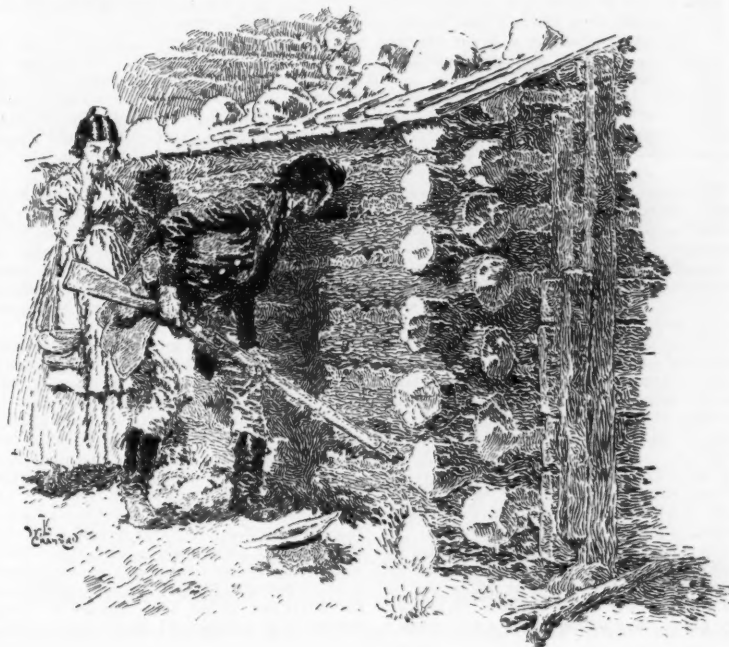
One of the chinks between two logs that were not wholly straight seemed to be almost wide enough to push a fish through. Fetching a corn cutter from the barn floor, she removed the bark from the logs both above and below the chink. Hearing the noise, the bear turned and, getting suddenly to its feet, lunged forward with so frightful a roar that its hot breath flew through the crack into her face!

But good, strong logs were between them. Grandmother Ruth kept courageously at work with the cutter till she had enlarged the crack three or four inches. Then she pushed a frozen fish through it. So far from being pleased, however, the bear greeted the offering with another roar and a sweep of its big paw that sent it flying to one corner of the pen. The beast even tried to thrust its paw through the chink to grasp her!

Grandmother Ruth stood back and waited for a while; then she pushed in another trout. But the creature knocked that aside also and again made vigorous efforts to reach her through the crevice. Not until she had poked seven or eight trout inside the pen did the bear cease to rage and knock the fish round. Then, baffled in its attempts to reach her, it began again to claw at the logs near the drop door while she stood back out of sight listening apprehensively. But not long afterwards she heard it champing something. The smell of the fish had at last appealed to its appetite, and it was eating them. Then she poked in more trout, which the bear devoured as they fell inside. In relating the story, Grandmother Ruth said that the hungry beast ate a two-pound trout at "three chumps of its jaws and was ready for another." Certainly the bear bolted them as fast as she could poke them through the crevice.

Bear hunters have told me that a bear on first emerging from its winter nap is not hungry and goes roaming round for several days in a dazed, irritable mood. If that is so, the racer that Grandmother Ruth fed must have been out of its den long enough to become thoroughly awake and ravenous. It devoured more than twenty trout, each of which weighed from a pound and a half to more than two pounds! It ate all that she had fetched in the basket and still did not seem to have had enough. Grandmother Ruth said also that after eating ten or a dozen trout the hitherto furious creature stood back from the chink and as it awaited another regarded her with "quite a benevolent look!" We can imagine it.

She had gone back to the box in the woodhouse for more fish when the old squire returned from his work. Grandmother Ruth appears to have dearly enjoyed astonishing her young husband. "Did you shoot that lucivee?" she asked him first, and when he replied that the wildcat had not shown



itself again she remarked casually that a little woodchuck had found its way into the pigpen. "I shut it in," she added. "Come out through the barn and you can see it through the cracks."

The old squire looked as if he thought it scarcely worth while to go to see a woodchuck, but at last he followed her through the barn and, putting his eyes to the enlarged chink, peeped in. The next moment, according to Grandmother Ruth's account, he jumped back fully four feet and uttered the strongest exclamation that she ever heard him use. Then he started to run for his gun, which he had stood up in the woodhouse.

They shot the racer, though I believe that more than one charge of buckshot was needed to kill it. Fortunately, I have something more

tangible in support of this story than tradition and guesswork. By using a lever and with the assistance of his neighbor Edwards, the old squire suspended the bear's carcass and dismembered it. A record was then made of the weight of the parts,—they were weighed with steelyards,—as follows: head and jaws, twenty-six pounds; skin, fifty-one pounds; offal from dressing, sixty-eight pounds; fore quarters, fifty-seven pounds each; hind quarters, approximately eighty-three pounds each; in all, four hundred and twenty-five pounds. In the record we read that the long-legged bear was poor and lean, because it had just emerged from its winter fast of four or five months. What the animal would have weighed in the fall of the year when it was fat is anyone's guess.

was working so hard to have things just right when she came?"

"Couldn't you meet her downtown and have lunch at the Bon Ton?" suggested Mrs. Middleton. "They serve good meals there."

"Good enough for Briarly maybe. Oh, I thought of that, mother, before I told her to come here, but I decided that it wouldn't be exactly right to take her to a restaurant when she's coming to our town; to do that might suggest that there was something to be ashamed of in my home, and there isn't really, only I'd have given almost anything not to have had her catch us like this. And then I want her to meet you."

Margaret's eyes flashed, but a gleam of fun lurked in them too as she thought of Miss Baird involved in the utter confusion.

"We'll get up as nice a lunch as we can on short notice," she said, "and make her have as pleasant a three hours in Briarly as she's ever spent any place, shall we? We'll do as much as that just for the sake of hospitality and for the fun of it; but of course everything's all up with me as far as that position is concerned. Now, let's make that cold chicken into a salad. It's fearfully warm out, just the day when we'll all relish a salad. And there are cold potatoes that we could cream, and you've already shelled peas for our own

apologies, Miss Baird," she said as she led her guest into the dismantled living rooms, where strips of bottle-green paper were strewn and plaster dust coated everything, "and I'm not apologizing now, but I ought to explain—or perhaps there's no need even of doing that, for you see for yourself the work that's going on. We're papering these rooms and the hall, and the workwoman—well, I'm she, and I'm dressed for the part."

"We could talk over our business, and I could go at once," suggested Miss Baird, and Margaret thought that the dark blue eyes missed no detail of the general disarray, not even the red-and-white gingham.

"Indeed, no!" she exclaimed. "Your train doesn't leave Briarly for three hours, and you'll have quite enough of it, for it's a slow town. You'll be tired enough before you get to the end of your journey. Please do stay, Miss Baird, and let mother and me do what we can to give you a pleasant rest. The downstairs rooms are rather upset, but we'll manage luncheon very nicely. And perhaps you wouldn't mind coming upstairs to my own room until luncheon is ready. It's much pleasanter up there than down here, and it's the best I have to offer. You could rest there for a while if you wish while I bathe and get into something more presentable."

As Margaret made herself fresh and attractive in the little dressing room that adjoined her gray-and-old-rose bedroom she and Miss Baird chatted as if they had been old friends. Once Miss Baird's stiff hat was removed from the mass of yellow hair that crowned her shapely head her dignity seemed to melt away, and Margaret had no fear of her. She was only a tired woman resting from a railway journey. Then Mrs. Middleton came upstairs, wearing a fresh lavender gingham dress. She was a plain but a sweet and attractive mother to present to Miss Baird, and Margaret presented her as if she were proud of her. Mrs. Middleton announced that luncheon was ready, and while she talked with the guest Margaret excused herself and ran on ahead to put a great bowl of crimson roses on the dining table.

Some time later when Margaret returned from seeing Miss Baird to the station her mother looked up at her inquiringly.

"Why, no, mother dear, she didn't say a word about the position," said Margaret. "In fact, I didn't mention it. But she did have a good time, mother, and I'm satisfied. Don't you feel happy when you know you've given a guest a good time? About the position; I suppose she thought it was kindest not to mention it, since she couldn't offer it to me. She has the good of her school to consider, and finding me as she did was anything but a recommendation for me. I'll begin looking for something else, and I'll get it, so don't worry, dear. But I did want to get in with Miss Baird! She pays well, and there are such opportunities at her school! However—" Margaret sighed wistfully.

Three days later a box accompanied by a note came from Chicago. "I remember your saying at luncheon that these are your favorite candies," wrote Miss Baird. "Please accept them as an acknowledgment of my pleasure for the delightful entertainment that you and your mother furnished me. I shall always have pleasant memories of Briarly because of that unexpectedly pleasant break in a rather monotonous journey."

"As a matter of fact we said nothing about the business that was the reason for my calling at your home. There really seemed little need to discuss it. Had you planned to place yourself in a position where I could accurately estimate you, you could not have done better than to put yourself in circumstances like those in which I found you. Permit me to say that it is seldom that so young a woman as yourself, similarly placed, could keep her poise so delightfully as you did. You showed a characteristic that I value most of all in my fellow workers. It is not difficult to keep your poise when everything is running smoothly; you kept your poise under most adverse conditions. Every teacher teaches far more than the subject for which she is hired. In a school like mine especially she is closely associated with the girls, and she herself is influencing them all of the time. I know what your work in art is, for I have seen some fair samples and was much pleased with them. But I am even more pleased with your personality. I want you to be with my girls and am looking forward to the time when I shall be more closely associated with you."

THE BEST FOOT FOREMOST

By Janet Thomas Van Osdel

"YOU see, mother, the man at the agency says that now it's just a matter of putting my best foot foremost. Those were his exact words. When Miss Baird comes to see me about the position all I have to do is to make a good impression on her. She likes the samples of my work that I submitted, but she's very precise and dignified and particular about her teachers. Next month she's going West for the summer, and she'll stop off here then. That will give me three weeks to get ready for her, and won't we impress her! The foot I'll put foremost will be positively the most faultless foot that anyone ever stuck out for inspection!" Margaret Middleton, tall, slender and dark-eyed and with a fluff of dark hair framing her oval face, stood in the low doorway of the kitchen, pulling off her gloves.

Her mother, who was shelling green peas from a brown basket into a gleaming tin pan, was seated at the white-pine kitchen table. She was not a pretty woman, but she looked wholesome and kindly. As she turned to Margaret her glance was bright with interest, although her big-knuckled little hands did not slacken the speed of their jerky movements between basket and pan. "What do you mean by best foot?" she inquired.

"Look at these rooms, mother!" Margaret replied dramatically and waved her slender hand toward the rooms behind her. "Even you can see how awful they are with that big-figured bottle-green paper on them. And such woodwork! And the reception hall in red! I'd call that a careless slipshod old foot that wouldn't deserve anything. Why, mother, if Miss Baird caught sight of these rooms she'd run before she'd ever seen me. What would she think of an art teacher who lived in a place like this?"

"No, I never did like that green paper," agreed Mrs. Middleton; "but the red looks sort of cheery."

"Well, it's not the thing and only goes to show that there's a trace of the barbaric left in you if you like it. The rooms will have to be done over, or farewell to all hopes of Miss Baird's school."

"I don't exactly see, though—" Three deep vertical lines appeared on Mrs. Middleton's forehead, and she shook her head despairingly.

"I shouldn't see either if I thought of paying somebody to do the work," Margaret said quickly. "I planned to do it myself. I can manage to pay for the material out of my own money, and I'll do the decorating myself!"

"But it's terribly hard work, Margie! You don't know how it makes the back of your neck and your arms ache. I used to help mother paper our rooms once in a while at home, and if it was hard on me—"

"Why, mother! And keeping still all the time about such an accomplishment as that! But I'll take advice when I am doing the actual papering. I'm going to begin tearing off the paper just as soon as I get into some old clothes."

For three days Margaret lived in a cloud of green and red wall paper and plaster dust. Her dress was a faded, short red-and-white gingham from her high-school days, which



"I don't like making apologies, Miss Baird," she said

DRAWN BY W. F. STECHER

she had rescued from the rag bag. A red-bordered towel protected her black hair.

On the morning of the third day she was on the top of the stepladder in the reception hall. "Don't worry about me if I do get tired, mother!" she said, laughing. "What will it hurt a great, strong person like me? And look at what I have at stake! I'm on the last lap now. In another hour I'll be through pulling this paper off, and the rest of the job will be interesting—at least comparatively!" she added.

Then the telephone bell rang.

"It's somebody for you, Margie," said Mrs. Middleton, who had taken down the receiver. "Do you want to come and answer it?"

"I'd better; it might be an order or something," Margaret shook herself free from an entangling strip of red paper and descended the ladder.

Two minutes later as she turned from the telephone her dark eyes were wide with consternation. "It's Miss Baird, mother, and she's here in Briarly!" Margaret's voice was shrill with excitement. "She's been called West unexpectedly and has stopped off because she couldn't possibly see me at any other time, and the matter has to be settled one way or the other at once. It's almost lunch time, and think of the dining room, and look at this place!"

Most of the furniture from the living rooms and the hall had been moved to the dining room so as to leave a free field for the decorating.

"And our things look so junky all stacked together like that—like a secondhand store!" Margaret lamented. "They're really not so bad when they're in their places. O mother, why did it have to happen like this when I

luncheon. I think we'd better have coffee, even though it is warm. People who are traveling always seem to like it."

"And I'll stir up a pan of biscuits and start some cream in the freezer," said Mrs. Middleton. "Maybe I'll make it fresh strawberry. And I'll open a glass of currant jelly. You'd better get into some decent clothes, for she might be here any time."

"That will be a perfect dream of a lunch, mother mine," said Margaret. "It's going to be rather fun to see how she takes us, even though there's not a thing in it for us, isn't it? That's really the only kind of entertaining to do! I'll change my dress the minute I have enough furniture moved out of the way so that we can get into the dining room."

But almost before Margaret had begun to change the furniture back into a semblance of its usual order the old doorbell buzzed. With an appreciative chuckle she looked down at her short faded red-and-white gingham dress and began to strip from her hands, the black stockings that she had been wearing to protect them.

"Well, I surely am in for it!" she thought as she untied the towel from her disheveled head. "And I meant to make such a good impression! The foot I'm putting foremost is a downright shabby, stub-toed, down-at-the-heel affair. And then for Miss Baird of all people to catch me! However, now that she's come I suppose we shall have to give her the most restful three hours we can."

A second buzz of the bell sent her running toward the door, and her greeting to the tall, dignified woman who was standing there most correctly garbed in a tailored gown and a small hat was all that it could have been had Margaret herself been arrayed in more conventional manner. "I don't like making

THE PACIFICATION OF BROKEN NOSE

By Franklin Welles Calkins

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMPSON



I HAD lived only a year in the Black Hills when I was put in charge of the "stage ranch" at White River Crossing. My helpers were two old-time plainsmen—Tom Slocum and Ranse Devauw, typical cowmen. Tom was tall, lean and lantern-jawed and had buttermilk eyes, a tanned and wrinkled face and a tawny drooping moustache that had faded to white at the ends. He was a Yankee. Ranse was a Southerner of square and heavy build and was bow-legged from much riding. His clean-shaven face was the color of coffee, his mouth resembled the jaws of a steel trap, and he had projecting eyebrows, a forehead corrugated with wrinkles and the eyes and hair of an Indian. He was a fierce-looking fellow, but his mild manners about the ranch belied his looks.

At first I tried to talk with the two men during our hours of leisure, but I got no response. Once when I ventured to touch inquiringly upon their antecedents they looked at me each as if he doubted whether I were of sound mind. But within the field of their duty both gave me unquestioning obedience.

Except for the incoming and outgoing coaches, the novelty of my situation and the excitement and danger of the times, I should have had a lonesome stay at White River. The ranch was built upon flat land above the stream. To the south there was an abrupt line of high pine-clad breaks; to the north lay a sixty-mile stretch of broken plain, crowned on the far horizon with a line of sombre hills. Ours was preeminently the Sioux and buffalo country; the blanket Sioux still roamed freely beyond the lines of the reservations and carried on a predatory warfare.

When I took charge of the station we supposed that Broken Nose's band, most implacable of hostiles, had gone with Sitting Bull. But one noon Tom Slocum came in with his horse herd, and when I asked him why he had returned so early he replied that Broken Nose's tepees were set about four miles up the river.

"But how do you know they are Broken Nose's tepees?" I asked, rather incredulous.

"I rid up, boss, an' swapped talk with 'em," was the cool response.

"But how did you dare?"

"Why," he said, "I rid up an' faced 'em with a gun in each hand, and we talked, an' then I pitched over in my saddle an' rid away, facing 'em."

The explanation was simple and enlightening. But, since we should have to await an actual attack before we could ask Camp Robinson for military help, our situation was uncomfortable, to say the least. We could only keep our horses close in and tell our stage drivers to go doubly armed and to see that there were guns for every passenger. I wrote to the route superintendent at Sidney and asked him for an extra "bull freight" of baled hay and corn.

Imagine my astonishment two days later at receiving a visit from the redoubtable Broken Nose himself. Ranse, who had done guard duty the night before, was snoring in his bunk and Tom was with the horses on the river bottom half a mile below when the chief rode up to my door and threw his bridle rein upon the ground. I knew him from the descriptions I had heard of him. He was a small man, dressed in semicivilized clothing. His single ornament was a black-tipped feather plucked from a crane's wing; it was stuck through the ragged brim of his slouch hat. The bridge of his nose had been smashed in a brawl; except for that disfigurement he might have passed for a good-looking man.

My amazement increased when that hostile of hostiles came in at my door and, greeting me in fair English, immediately set forth a grievous complaint against my horse wrangler. The man, he said, had astonished his people very much; he had come with guns to make them afraid. The chief intimated that his people had indeed been much intimidated and feared lest they should be made to suffer for the evil that bad Indians had done! And now his people asked that presents of tobacco, flour and other necessities should be given to them as a balm for their injured feelings. He hoped in fact that his white brothers would make him a valuable present.

I wanted to fling the oily hypocrite neck and heels out of my door, but restrained my indignation and resorted to mild advice. I told him that, if he would remove his Indians to the agencies, where good Indians dwelt, doubtless none of my men would mistake them for enemies. Then I offered him a small

sack of tobacco and an old case knife, both of which to my astonishment he refused. In a high state of dudgeon he stalked out to his pony. After a time Ranse awoke, and I told him what had happened.

"Wa-al," he drawled, "I reckon there'll be a hot time round here d'rectly," and he rolled over on his bunk and fell asleep again.

When Tom came in an unusual thing happened; he laughed—laughed immoderately at having been described as an intimidator of Broken Nose's band; but he agreed with Ranse that we should have extra need to look out for ourselves. And we did act with caution, though of course we were compelled to go about our daily round of duties. Then as days passed and we saw no more of Broken Nose or his Indians it was no more than natural that we should relax our vigilance.

Meanwhile the "bull freight" came and went and left us thirty tons or so of baled hay, which we dumped in narrow piles alongside the stable corral. On account of our limited range we were compelled to begin feeding our horses at once, and, in pulling down bales, we accidentally tumbled the ends of two of the piles together—a circumstance that proved to be of importance later.

We usually ate our morning meals, which invariably consisted of hot "slapjacks" and coffee, together. Ranse, who was a fast eater, was almost always out first after breakfast. One morning he had scarcely left us for the horse corral before he returned. There was nothing unusual about his appearance as he stepped in at the door, but no sooner was he fairly inside than he swung the door to and sprang for his rifle, which was hanging against the wall. "Guns! Quick, fellows!" he cried, and his whole body seemed to quiver with energy.

Tom and I were on our feet instantly. There was a small arsenal of magazine guns and cartridge belts upon the wall, and in a trice we were armed to the teeth.

"Ranse, which way are they coming?" I asked.

"They ain't comin'; they've done come," he replied sententially.

"Come!" Tom and I both ejaculated.

"Ya-as," replied Ranse, dropping into his drawl again now that we were ready to fight. "Ya-as, I hain't seen 'em, but I've done smelt 'em shore a-plenty. Didn't know but they'd rush us when I throwed the door shet, but I reckon they didn't savvy. They're among those hay piles; they scooted across from the breaks while we were eatin'. I was crossin' to the stables when I took wind of 'em. Pugh! Heap tepee, rotten tobacco, heap smell, yah!" And he laughed in genuine enjoyment.

"But—" I began and then looked at Tom.

He observed the look of doubt in my face. "There ain't any buts about it, boss," he said quietly. "I've knowed Ranse Devauw for eleven years, and his nose is as good as a pointer dog's."

Our fighting station was above the ground floor; our log building had three gables that

commanded all approaches. Upon the rough joists we had laid boards to stand on, and we had made portholes by withdrawing bits of the chinking. Mounting to the south gable, we at once opened all of the portholes.

I scanned the hay and the corrals and the prairie beyond as far as the breaks, but I could see nothing of a suspicious nature. Still, I realized that I could see only part way into the quadrangle made by the piles of hay. Ranse and Tom posted themselves on either side of me and in answer to my anxious query said that they could see no sign of the Indians.

"But they're shore there, boss," Ranse declared positively. "They're a-lyin' in betwixt the piles."

It did not seem possible that Indians were behind those tumbled bales. The eye caught no slightest hint of them. Upon the half-mile stretch of prairie between us and the breaks there was no sign of a living creature; nor was there any sign of life among the gaping pine-grown cuts beyond. Yet I saw how easily a file of men, without so much as attracting the attention of dogs, if we had had dogs at the stagehouse, could slip across the hundred rods of level ground that lay behind the hay piles.

For five minutes or more we watched the hay piles narrowly and in silence. Two rows of bales stood perhaps eight feet apart and nine or ten feet high; they lay along the corral diagonally to us. The tumbled heap at the near end was not higher than a man's head. As I peered over it into the space between the piles I saw presently against one of the inner bales a single white feather with a black tip. It was rising slowly. It rose until the bell crown of a hat barely showed, and then

Ranse, who was at my left, whispered, "Shall I shoot, boss? I can get him easy."

"Just the feather, Ranse," I replied; "just to teach them what to expect."

As I had already learned, Ranse was an excellent marksman. A moment later his rifle cracked, and I saw the white feather flutter upward and drop—a beautiful shot of forty yards—and the tattered bell crown of a hat suddenly disappeared.

Whoops of astonishment and defiance greeted the shot. But after their hurried run to the hay piles the rascals had not yet had time to make ready for the attack. However, a number of guns suddenly protruded from crevices made by prying the bales slightly apart, and a rattling volley greeted us. Tom and Ranse replied with revolvers; they fired as fast as they could crook their fingers, yelling all the while in genuine cowboy fashion.

For several minutes there was a tremendous racket, a good deal of smoke and a strong smell of gunpowder, but no one was killed. Every man was firing at random, and as I looked on, which I did with some risk, a plan of action came into my mind. I determined to make things exceedingly hot for Broken Nose and his band.

Having ordered my men to stop shooting, I next bade them keep a sharp lookout while I went below. In a room adjoining our cook-room there were a portable forge and tools for doing such rough blacksmithing as was necessary at the ranch. I built a fire in the forge and heated the ends of two steel rods to white heat. Then I withdrew the shot charges from a double-barreled shotgun and dropped the rods into the barrels, cool ends downward. Opening the door slightly, I fired the missiles into the hay.

The act almost cost me my life, for the treacherous rascals were on the watch; they aimed a volley of shots at me, and one bullet dented the barrel of my gun and passed into the end of a log within an inch of my face.

A minute later when I had made the door fast against a rush I heard the excited and triumphant yells of Ranse and Tom and knew that I had fired the bales of hay. When I mounted to the loft the two men were fairly jigging with delight.

Tom gave me a stinging slap on the shoulder. "Good-by, hay," he shouted, "but you've shore done 'em, boss."

And when I put my eye to the lookout sure enough there were two thin columns of smoke rising from outside bales. The hay was as dry as tinder, and flames quickly followed the smoke.

At that instant an Indian broke cover at the rear end of the piles and ran for the horse stable. A shot from Ranse's rifle bowled him over before he had gone one third the distance, and he crawled back among his fellows.

Then Broken Nose realized that he was trapped. His men could not break cover in any direction without exposing themselves to deadly rifle fire; and in ten minutes the hay would be wrapped in flames. He had laid a cunning plan to kill us, and his humiliation must have been great as he waved his old slouch hat in token of surrender.

Ranse and Tom greeted the appearance of it with roars of mocking laughter. I put my mouth to a porthole and shouted to Broken Nose to come out with his men, lay down their guns and ammunition belts and march off. Since the hat still continued to wave, I shouted the command in a louder voice and in more emphatic language.

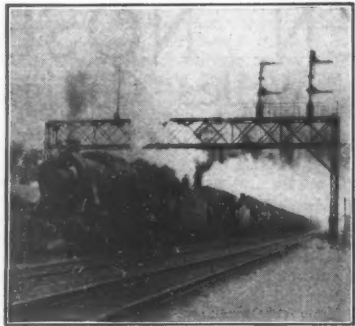
The hat disappeared, and there was a minute or so of hesitation and doubtless of hasty consultation among the trapped Indians. Before they had reached a decision the whole rear of the hay piles was in flames. Then the Sioux, twenty-three in all, came tumbling over the fallen bales, and we greeted them with cheers.

They certainly looked a crestfallen lot as they laid down their breech-loading rifles and filed away, four of them carrying a wounded comrade. Not a cartridge belt or a revolver was among the discarded rifles; they had cunningly hidden them under their buckskin and calico shirts. We were content to let them off with the surrender of nineteen guns.

The band troubled us no more. Some time later I read in an Omaha newspaper that Broken Nose was pacified and had come in at Pine Ridge Agency. I believe he remained "pacified" until his men were again furnished with modern magazine guns.



A moment later his rifle cracked, and I saw the white feather flutter upward and drop



The "Prosperity Special"

The great train of huge locomotives that traveled by daylight from the East to the West to advertise the freight-carrying capacity of one Western railway

FACT AND COMMENT

THE TREE that is rotten at the heart crashes to the earth in a storm.

Pursue no Sorrow; if you do,
It may turn back and live with you.

MODERN HOTELS waste nothing; they have found a use even for tin cans. The chemical reaction of water, soda, salt and tin in contact with tarnished silver makes a fine cleaner, which seems to transfer the tarnishing film from the silver to the tin; therefore the hotels now save their empty cans.

THE "FARMERETTE" has not entirely disappeared. Girls who enjoy outdoor life and are not afraid to work can still find employment on fruit and poultry farms. Moreover, many more women than formerly now own their own farms, and a report from Missouri says that in that state the farms that women own are more profitable than those that men control.

IN THE BOTTOM of many northern rivers are thousands of sunken logs that can be raised and converted into good lumber. The "deadheads," which are the losses of years of log driving, are usually well preserved and need only to be dragged out of their bed of sand or mud and towed to mill. With a scow catamaran two men, using long pike poles with screw points in the ends, can salvage enough lumber to make excellent wages.

TO SCRAP 845,000 tons of warships and armament, as the United States is doing in carrying out the terms of the Washington conference, creates a new industry. Some of the hulls when stripped of their armor will be converted into merchant vessels, but most of the older ships and all of the armament will be broken up, melted and rolled into ingots, later to appear in automobiles, farm machinery and other manufactured products.

A STATE-BUILT PIER in Boston, so large that eighty vessels can discharge their cargoes at the same time, is devoted entirely to the fishing business. Wholesale dealers, basing their bids upon the statement of the captain as to the amount and quality of each kind of fish on board, buy a whole shipload at once. If the buyer is dissatisfied he may call in the inspector of the Fish Exchange, and either party may appeal to the Arbitration Committee of the Fish Bureau.

WITH THE LOWER COST of crude rubber appear new ways of using it. An English firm is manufacturing rubber carpets, reversible, soft of tread and of generally good appearance, in a variety of shades. Experiments with rubber as a surfacing material for roads apparently indicate that it will be as economical and as satisfactory as the asphalt products now in use. A rubber road that could contract during the rush hours so as to reduce distances, say one half, would be a great boon in these busy days.

THE IDEA of national parks originated at a gathering of the Washburn-Langford expedition, which explored the Yellowstone in 1870. One man suggested that the members of the party buy, individually, the newly discovered natural wonders, but the counter suggestion of Judge Hedges, a pioneer lawyer, that the region be made public property met with a much more favorable response. On March 1, 1872, his idea was stamped with national approval by the signing of the act that set aside the Yellowstone as our first great national park.

THE UNIVERSITY CITY, an organization for promoting joint international education,

has recently bought seventy-two acres of land just outside Paris. The projectors of the plan hope that a great many different countries will establish each its own college there, in which the students will live under such rules and discipline as prevail in their own country. Although there will be resident tutors and lecturers, most of the teaching will continue to be carried on in the famous Sorbonne and the other academic institutions of Paris. Motor-omnibus service will connect the city with the Paris lecture halls.

AT THE HAGUE

AFTER the failure of Genoa there was really not much reason to expect success at The Hague. The task of the second conference was simpler because it merely tried to find a way of bringing Russia back into an economic, if not a political, understanding with the rest of Europe. It did not aim, as the Genoa understanding aimed, at a general settlement of all the European entanglements.

But Genoa had shown the differences between the government of Moscow and Western Europe to be so radical that the only hope of an agreement lay in the conviction of one side that it simply could not get along without the other. The exchanges at The Hague quickly showed that neither side had any such conviction. There were the same old arguments, coming to the same conclusion or lack of conclusion. The Western nations, particularly France and Belgium, stood out for the unconditional return to their citizens who had owned property in Russia of the goods and industries that the soviets had confiscated and "nationalized." They would not consider any commercial or financial agreements with Russia until that primary condition was met.

The Russian delegates wanted immediate loans or credits with which to build up their ruined economic structure, for they have no capital left in Russia with which to begin the work. They would make no promises until they had the money in hand and hinted that even then they would not consent to make any general and conspicuous return of foreign-owned property, but would consider negotiating privately with individual claimants who still had capital left with which to work their confiscated property.

Neither side could yield without publicly surrendering its fundamental convictions on the question of the private ownership of property. Nothing except the most imperative necessity could excuse such a surrender. Apparently the Western nations are no more conscious of that necessity than Russia is. Both the Western nations and Russia prefer to worry along with things much as they are rather than to compromise beliefs that stand at the foundation of their respective philosophies.

The Russians clearly expected that Great Britain and Italy would make separate agreements with them after the conference had dispersed. Several things happened at The Hague to make such action seem probable. Mr. Lloyd George is casting about for any means of diminishing the unemployment in England. He may think it worth his while to come to terms with Moscow. But the Russians are likely first of all to demand substantial advances in cash; and those who know believe that it would be a long time before Russian trade would return any considerable dividends on such an investment. A private arrangement between Great Britain and Russia would still further threaten the *entente* with France, but for the *entente* the British premier seems to entertain only a sentimental and constantly weakening attachment. It would take the German revolution that many observers apprehend, and the establishment either of a monarchist or a Bolshevist government at Berlin, to restore the former solidarity of France and Britain.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE COAL STRIKE

IF there is any business that in the lawyer's phrase is "seized with public interest," it is the coal industry. The comfort of almost everyone, the livelihood of millions, the very lives of many, depend on a constant supply of coal. We used to get along without it, and we could learn to get along without it again, but not without incalculable suffering and much loss of life in the process. The public need and the increasing tendency to disorder and violence among the striking

miners gave the government ample justification for interfering to put an end to the strike that has closed the unionized coal mines since last April. The men who own or run the mines and the men who dig the coal cannot be permitted to prolong their quarrel indefinitely. The hundred million people who use the coal and who cannot live and work without it have their rights. For them the government is the fit and indeed the only spokesman.

President Harding's first proposal was a fair one. It was hopeful because it promised a thorough investigation of every branch of the coal industry—an industry that stands in sore need of study, organization, humanization and an infusion of intelligence and public spirit. The miners began by rejecting it because it did not in advance yield everything they demanded, and because they had no leader of the wisdom and statesmanlike qualities of the late John Mitchell. The operators did not as a body reject it; most of them were ready to accept it, but the stubborn resistance of some of them made it impossible to continue negotiations that might otherwise have succeeded.

The President then desired the mine owners to reopen their mines with any labor that offered itself, called upon the state governments to afford protection to any mines so worked and promised national protection if the state proved incapable of giving it. It is hard to see how he could have done anything else if the interests of the nation at large were to be considered; but it was unfortunate that he had to make that decision, for it seemingly meant that the strike would have to be fought out instead of being settled amicably and with some degree of common satisfaction.

Whether there will be any violence connected with the reopening of the mines we cannot at the time of writing tell, but, if there is, the government cannot palter with the situation. Whatever happens, we hope that the President's proposed commission will be appointed and will have authority to find out everything about the coal industry that those who use coal have a right to know, but that they have never been able to learn.

HONESTY AND POLICY

THE maxim that "honesty is the best policy" certainly did not originate in the mind of an idealist, however useful as a moral force it may be. But Archbishop Whately's remark, that "honesty is the best policy, but he who is honest for that reason is not an honest man," seems unjustifiably harsh. Honesty is the result of education and training rather than of instinct. The self-protective instinct in the untrained human being is usually stronger than the instinct to tell the truth, and it is hardly fair to assume that only those exceptional persons who from earliest childhood follow the instinct to tell the truth, no matter how much it hurts, are honest. People acquire honesty as they grow older—partly from a subconscious rather than a conscious recognition that it usually pays to be honest, partly from the strengthening through education of the understanding that not to be honest derogates from a man's dignity and self-respect. A tradition of honesty in families is one of the strong impelling forces for honesty. Whatever the motive that impels a man to be honest, whether it is policy or a desire to preserve his self-respect or a desire not to fall short of a family tradition, the fact of his honesty is all that is important. No man can be persistently honest without gaining in fineness of perception as well as in strength of character.

REVIVING BUSINESS

ACCORDING to information from many branches of commerce and according to approved tests of the state of trade, business in the United States is becoming decidedly better. The movement of freight on the railways is growing in spite of labor troubles, and there is no surer test than that, for it means that manufacturers are selling and delivering more goods.

Buying and selling causes money or credits to be transferred, and the clearing-house aggregates show what those transfers amount to. The clearings for the whole country in the first week of July were an eighth larger this year than last.

More business leads to more letter writing, and the June postal receipts were the largest that the post office has ever recorded.

The building movement is another test, in

some respects one of the most trustworthy, for men do not undertake to build on a large scale unless they have confidence in the future. There has been more building in New York in the last twelve months than in any two calendar years previously. Although complete statistics as to other cities are not available, it is well known that all over the country the building of houses has greatly increased.

Not all classes of business have yet become normally active, nor has every part of the country felt the improvement that has just been mentioned; but if such special and local conditions are not deceptive, if even to a limited extent they indicate a real recovery in commercial, financial and transportation business, the improvement, unless it is checked by adverse influences, will ultimately extend to all regions and to all forms of industrial activity.

Of adverse influences the chief one is the labor situation. It may be proof of the vigor of the business recovery that it occurred when the relations between the public and the miners and railway men were at the worst, for general prosperity is impossible when the coal supply is cut off and when the railways cannot be depended upon for prompt service. Confidence in the future when there are strikes in progress in the two industries that are most essential for the full production and the quick delivery of commodities implies, therefore, more than ordinary optimism and is a most encouraging sign.

TEACHERS WANTED

INCREASED funds will enable the colleges to pay their professors larger salaries, a need that all of them recognize as most urgent; but it is not their only cause of anxiety about their teaching forces. They already compete with one another for the services of the most competent professors, but their keenest competition is with outside interests that are constantly drafting chemists and other men trained in scientific and industrial knowledge to positions of importance in research and business. Larger salaries will help the colleges to retain some but not all of them, and the coming supply of teachers is inadequate.

A great and increasing dearth of teachers shows that teaching is not the attractive profession that it once was. It is still one of the poorest paid of occupations. Of every graduating class that asks its members to tell their plans for the future few men say that they intend to become teachers. Some of them expect to teach for a little while until they can find some occupation more to their taste, or until they can earn enough to enter a professional school; but few of them make deliberate choice of teaching as a life work.

Why, indeed, should a college man make that choice, unless he is impelled to it by a natural fondness for teaching or by a sense of duty? His education has been costly and has occupied his youth and early manhood, but as an instructor he has yet to prove himself. He will receive at first a salary less than the wages of a carpenter or a plumber, and even if he is highly successful he will never get more than a very ordinary lawyer or doctor receives. If he marries, he will always have to count his pennies; and, although money is not everything, the constant lack of it is a condition to be dreaded and avoided. And all the time there are business chances that strongly tempt even those who are naturally inclined to become teachers.

Whatever may be the consideration on which the young fellows of today determine their future, the shortage of teachers is a result of it. The remedy is something that educators must undertake to discover and apply. It has been suggested that a nation-wide campaign be carried on among students to emphasize the advantages and minimize the disadvantages of the profession. Perhaps it would work, perhaps not; but in this country, where money is more lavishly given to education than in any other land and where the proportion of young men and women who seek a college degree is larger, it would be a calamity indeed if the dearth of teachers should check the full development of the national scheme of education.

A scant supply is not the only disquieting element of the problem. Will those who do become teachers be as competent and helpful as the teachers of the past? Everyone who knows the conditions that exist in the secondary schools is aware that the candidates whom they send to college now are not so well prepared as those whom they sent in former years. Their courses of study are not so broad as they were. They discard the classics

and the fundamental studies to concentrate on others that are less exacting but more popular. Moreover, the training that they give their pupils is less thorough and less adapted to produce industrious and hard-working students; consequently the material that they offer to the colleges is inferior in scholarship to that of former times.

At present we have a splendid corps of professors, and we must not allow the quality to deteriorate. No matter where the fault lies for the unpromising condition of the fitting schools, it is the duty of the colleges to "jack them up." We must have more teachers, and good ones.

WHAT TO DO WITH MONEY

III. Investing in Yourself

IT is always wise to spend as much on ourselves as will keep our health and working capacity at their maximum; it is never wise to spend more. Up to that point spending is not extravagance, but rather an investment that may be expected to bring returns in the form of greater earning capacity.

The investment must be well balanced. To spend too much on food and not enough on self-improvement may be as poor economy as to spend too much on fuel and not enough on the furnace that is to consume it. To spend too much on condiments and appetizers and not enough on nourishment is equally bad. To spend too much on food, clothing and shelter and not enough on books and education will limit your power for usefulness as well as your earning capacity. Most well-to-do Americans, for example, spend too much on their dwelling houses. The standard of expenditure for that purpose is so high as to make it next to impossible for a family to avoid following the pace and spending more on house room than is consistent with a well-balanced budget. Having too large or too expensive a house to begin with makes it hard to scale down other expenses so as to enable the family to live within its income. At the present time it is impossible for the ordinary family to maintain its position in society without spending at least a fifth of its income for shelter, and that is twice as much as it should be.

In the second place, expenditure, so far as possible, should be for future growth rather than for present pleasure. That is particularly important if we consider the family rather than the individual as the unit of expenditure. It should be the normal ambition of every mature person to be the builder of a family, and builders of every kind always look ahead to some sort of finished product. Things are always in a bad way socially when some other ambition, such as achievement in business, profession or scholarship, supersedes the ambition to build a noble family.

In the third place, such luxuries as can be afforded should take the form of action rather than of passive gratification. One of the marks of a capable race of men is its willingness to take its pleasures in action rather than in mere passive absorption of pleasurable sensations from material surroundings. The desire to take an active part in games rather than to sit passively by and be entertained by players, the desire to be on the move rather than quietly to indulge the senses, are signs of a vigorous and expanding race. When our people cease to find joy in action, in prosecuting a trade, profession or business, and begin to look forward to the time when they can retire we shall have begun to decline physically, morally and every other way.



CURRENT EVENTS

ONE of the curious facts that the recent census disclosed—or rather corroborated, for it had been observed before—is the steady diminution in the number of house servants and domestic workers. In ten years and in spite of a steadily growing population the number of cooks decreased more than one fifth, the number of chambermaids more than one quarter, the number of "general" maids one fifth, of home laundry workers one quarter, and of dressmakers in the home nearly one half. Unlike previous advanced civilizations, our own flourishes without a constant increase in the numbers of the servant class. The reason of course is the extent to which machines have come to do the work of hands. The garment factories have long taken much of the sewing out of the private house, and the invention of every

sort of mechanical and electrical appliance for housework has made it possible to maintain a consistently high standard of living with the services of only a few of the people who would once have been necessary.

GENERAL CROWDER seems to have accomplished wonders in reducing expenditure, balancing budgets and stopping graft in Cuba. His latest reform is in the government lottery, which was a rich source of profit for the relatives and friends of the men in power. He has persuaded President Zayas and the Congress to reduce the budget to reasonable figures, has rehabilitated several of the insolvent Cuban banks and has introduced system into collecting and spending the revenue. But General Crowder is not everywhere popular in Cuba. The thousands of politicians whose profitable graft he has ended and a certain type of patriot who would rather plunge into ruin under Cuban rule than recover sanity and solvency under the guidance of an adviser from the United States are united in assailing both General Crowder and the Administration that sent him to Habana. Meanwhile he works away and makes no reply to his critics.

IT is a violation of German law to export securities, but a good many rich Germans are anxious to get as much of their property as possible out of the country, since they are afraid both that taxes will be increased and that their securities may be confiscated or destroyed if there should be another revolution. A New York Times correspondent declares that such men collect their foreign investment securities—their South American or European bonds, for example—call in a notary and have him make a certified list of them, and then throw the bonds into the fire. The certified list is then sent to the countries of issue, new bonds are made out and sent by order of the owner to banking offices in Holland or Switzerland, where they are kept for the owner's account.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE is in luck again. Lord Northcliffe's serious illness having weakened his hold on the editorial policy of the London Times, the paper has already shown signs of swinging to the support of the government. For several years there has been an active feud between the premier and the great newspaper owner, as a result of which the Times has steadily supported the policy of the French foreign office toward Germany and Russia. That has been a real element of weakness in Lloyd George's political position, and the return of the Times to a more friendly attitude will have a correspondingly good effect on his standing in Parliament and the country—particularly among Conservative readers and politicians.

AFTER nine weeks of negotiation delegates of Chile and Peru agreed to let President Harding arbitrate over the ownership of the territory of Tacna-Arica. The dispute goes back to the war between Chile on the one hand and Peru and Bolivia on the other some forty years ago. When the war was ended, the province was assigned to the administration of Chile with the proviso that at the end of ten years there should be a plebiscite to determine whether the country should be permanently joined to Chile or to Peru. That plebiscite has never been taken, for the two countries have never been able to agree upon the terms. Secretary Hughes tendered the good offices of this government in bringing the matter to an amicable settlement and the conference that has ended so satisfactorily took place in Washington.

THE nations that took part in the Washington conference have taken their time about ratifying the treaties signed there, although in view of our deliberations over the Versailles Treaty and the final result we cannot perhaps be critical. It is now announced, however, that the Privy Council of Japan has agreed to the entire list of treaties, and that the Prince Regent will give his approval to the act. Great Britain has set the machinery of ratification in motion, and no one feels any doubt what the result will be. So far as our information goes, France and Italy are not doing anything in particular about the treaties, but Washington has every confidence that those countries mean eventually to ratify them. China, like the United States, has already ratified.



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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

SUSANNA SUE

By Beulah Rose Stevens

THOUGH Betty Bliss had a lovely home, there were no near neighbors, and so she was often lonely. To be sure, there was Elmhurst, the big place not a stone's throw away, hidden in a thick grove; but it had been vacant ever since Betty's family moved to Maplewood, the Bliss home, a few months ago. Betty decided in her own mind that it had always been vacant and soon forgot all about it.

A thick hedge divided Maplewood and Elmhurst, and midway in the hedge stood one of the wonders of the county, a great live oak, hundreds of years old. To Betty the most wonderful thing about the oak was not that the great tree was old but that there was a room in it. The broad-spreading limbs made a fine foundation for the plank floor of the room, and the leafy branches formed the wall and the ceiling. Both on the Maplewood side of the tree and on the Elmhurst side there was a short flight of six steps. Some one years ago had made that little room in the old oak. "But for two little girls, not one," Betty always said.

She did not care to furnish it just to play in alone. Above the room there was a little hollow in one side of the tree. Betty's father had cleared it out and waxed and painted it to keep from decaying still further.

"It would make a splendid post office," Betty often said, and one day when her father was painting the real house she got him to paint "Post Office" on a little sign and nail the sign over the hollow.

"Only, who wants to write letters to herself?" Betty said with a sigh; but as the long summer went on she grew so lonely that at last she was driven to using the little hollow. She had "made up" a little girl whom she named Susanna Sue, and to whom she wrote letters that she signed "Lillian Lorraine" and that she mailed in the make-believe post box in the old oak. Betty Bliss had such an everyday sort of sound, and she had always loved the name Lillian. In the first letter she told Susanna Sue how lonely she was and what a splendid playhouse the little room in the oak would be.

But it was a very one-sided game. Every day Betty found the letter to Susanna Sue still lying in the hollow until she herself took it out. There was never any answer; never, that is, until one day late in August.

Betty had stolen down to the old tree as usual and was about to mount the six steps. "If I find my letter still in the post office," she said to, herself, "I shall stop writing letters."

She went up the steps and tiptoed to look into the little hollow. Yes, there was her letter—no, was it? Her envelope had been blue; this envelope was pink.

"Maybe the rain turned it," she thought with a fast-beating heart. But the next moment she remembered that there had been no rain.

She thrust a shaky little hand in and took the letter, which was addressed to "Miss Lillian Lorraine." It seemed ages before she could get the folded paper out of the envelope, but when at last she had it out she found that the letter was indeed from Susanna Sue and was in answer to the one that she herself had mailed. The writer said that she had been delighted to find Lillian Lorraine's letter in the tree post office, and that she hoped she would soon find another one there.

"Indeed she shall!" said Betty to herself. After that Betty was not lonely any more. She and Susanna Sue kept up a regular correspondence. Every other day Betty mailed a letter and every other day she got one.

"I wonder who Susanna Sue really is," the little girl kept saying to herself. But somehow she felt that she had rather not find out; the mystery was such fun. So she did not keep watch, but stole down at twilight to mail and

"I hid behind some bushes one day and saw you get my letter"



receive letters. Apparently Susanna Sue also was willing to keep up the mystery.

"Of course I shall find out sometime," Betty would say to herself. "But now it's such fun to be secret like this!"

After the first few days the girls began to exchange little gifts occasionally. Betty put into the hollow in the tree a red pencil, a little sweet-grass basket and a bunch of grapes and received a small box of chocolate caramels, a blue celluloid thimble and a picture book.

One day when the fun was at its height Betty's mother said, "I want you to take a walk with me this afternoon."

Betty did not seem very anxious to go. "I'm busy making a pincushion," she said.

But her mother, who had been told about the mystery, smiled. "We shan't be gone long," she replied; "so go and get your hat."

So Betty laid aside her sewing and put on

her hat. She was so busy thinking about Susanna Sue that she did not notice at all where she and her mother were going. Suddenly to her surprise they turned in at a gate and walked up a drive. "Why, this is Elmhurst!" Betty said.

Before she could say anything else a little girl came running out on the porch—a little girl with gold-colored curls and gray eyes. Then a lady came forward and spoke to Mrs. Bliss. A few minutes later Betty found herself alone out in the yard with the little girl. She was still dazed.

"I live here now," the little girl explained. "I was just hoping you would call."

Betty shook her dark straight hair out of her blue eyes and gazed in a puzzled way at the speaker.

"Mother didn't tell me that people had moved to Elmhurst," she said. "And even now I don't think that I know your name."

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

A Great Idea

By Mary Dell

Miss Janie Giraffe was so slender and tall That whenever the monkeys played coconut ball She could watch the whole game in the loftiest trees With pleasure and ease.

But one day she said, "Oh, my word, how I freckle! My dainty complexion is speckle on speckle." So no more to coconut ball games she came. It was really a shame.

Then at last she invented a clever device That was pleasant and pretty, neat, natty and nice.

"Why, the thing is so simple it just makes me laugh," said Janie Giraffe.



The other little girl looked astonished. "You don't know my name," she repeated. "Well, I like that, Lillian Lorraine!"

Betty jumped. "Oh!" she cried. "You—you can't be Susanna Sue!"

The other girl laughed. "That's what you called me in your letters," she said. "My real name is Nannette Blair."

"And my real name," Betty said, "is Betty Bliss. I have wondered who Susanna Sue could be and where she came from, but I never dreamed she was so near!"

"I knew about you," Nannette said shyly. "But I didn't like to speak first. I hid behind some bushes one day and saw you get my letter."

Betty's eyes shone. "Now think of that!" she cried.

The next day Betty and Nannette moved, bag and baggage, into the oak-tree playhouse, and the post office became a little upstairs storeroom.

THE PENSIVE PENGUIN

By Winifred L. Bryning

A SAD little penguin sat on the very edge of a big bright iceberg and stared soberly across the ocean. It is hard to say why that penguin was so sad and thoughtful. He surely had no reason to be. His family lived where there was always plenty to eat, and all his kin and his neighbors were kind to him; but still, discontented he sat on icebergs and moped most of the time.

"I can't imagine why Pensie is so sad and sulky," said a visiting sea gull one day to Pensie's sister, Polly Penguin.

"Nor I," answered Polly. "No matter how we try, we can't make him see the cheerful side of things."

Here Pensie, who had overheard every word, flopped down on the rocks and said crossly, "All I ever see is sky and water, water and sky, icebergs and snow, and a musty old island!"

"Pensie, I'm astonished at you!" said Polly sharply.

"I don't care. I wish something really interesting would happen to me!" Pensie cried.

Something interesting did happen that very day, but if the pensive penguin had known what it was going to be he surely would not have wished so hard for it.

A party of explorers from a whaling ship came up past the cliff where the penguins were roosting, and one of them knocked over poor stupid little Pensie with a stick, tied his webbed feet together with a piece of string and slung him over his shoulder. Pensie cried out, but none of the other penguins heard him, because at the very first glimpse of the strange men they had taken hastily to the water.

Pensie flopped and struggled and tried to get free, but it was no use; in little or no time he was a captive on board the whaling ship, which went steaming away to a warmer, fairer climate.

The sailor untied Pensie's feet and let him roam wherever he wanted to. The little penguin soon became something of a pet on board the ship. But he was most unhappy; he did not like the strange new creatures, and he objected violently to being made to strut up and down the deck to amuse the crew. He was very, very homesick for what he had called his "musty old island."

"How foolish I was not to play games with Polly and the others when I had the chance!" he said sadly to himself one day.

Just then he heard a strange sweet call that seemed to come from somewhere overhead. Looking up, he saw a sea gull in the air.

The gull dropped down on the deck and looked at him curiously. "What are you doing so far away from your folks?" he asked. "I've seen you many a time down in the southern ocean. You're Pensie Penguin, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," replied Pensie. "I was carried away by some sailors." He began to choke and sniff.

"That's too bad!" the sea gull remarked.

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"You're the one that never used to smile, aren't you?" he went on.

Pensie nodded; but he looked a good deal ashamed. "Oh, if I could only get home again," he cried, "I'd be a different bird!"

"Why don't you hop overboard and go home?" asked the sea gull.

"I could never do it," said the penguin forlornly. "My wings are so short, and I'm not a good flyer."

"But you penguin people are great swimmers!" cried the gull. "Why not swim home?"

"Oh, I never thought of that," said Pensie, brightening up. "Why, of course I could swim. I'll squeeze through the rail and hop into the water the minute the sailors aren't looking!"

"They're not looking now," said the sea gull.

It was true; the deck was clear. Pensie went over to the rail and was about to squeeze through when he thought of something.

"Oh! But I don't know the way home!" he cried. "We've been on the ocean for days; I've lost the way entirely."

"Never mind, I'll show you the way," the sea gull promised gayly. "Jump in, like a brave little fellow, and swim along, and I'll fly overhead and lead the way. I know your little island, for I've passed it hundreds of times."

So Pensie went kersplash! into the water and set out on his long journey. Penguins' wings are better paddles than the wings that other birds have, and so Pensie got along very well. Through leagues and leagues of ocean he paddled sturdily, with his friend the sea gull flying above him to lead the way. They stopped at little islands now and then to rest and to eat. Always the sea gull kept a lookout for dangerous sea monsters.

It was a bright, sunny afternoon when Pensie, weary but happy, flopped into the home rookery.

"Hello, folks!" he cried cheerily.

Oh, how beautiful everything did look!

The penguin people screeched with pleasure at sight of their long-lost kinsman and rushed to greet him with open arms. As they came scuttling down the rocks, they looked for all the world like real people in little black caps and white aprons.

"Why, it's our Pensie!" cried his mother.

"And he looks—yes—he looks happy!"

"Oh, let me see, let me see!" cried Polly Penguin as she pushed through the crowd.

"I am happy," said Pensie, "though I never should have been but for this good Master Sea Gull."

The penguins in their gratitude pressed the gull to visit them awhile, but he shook his pretty head and sailed away to the north, for he was a wanderer by nature.

As for Pensie Penguin, from that day to this no one has ever heard him make any further reference to musty old islands.

THE SUMMER FAIRY

By Nan Terrell Reed

I always buy my crêpe de Chine
From lovely Mrs. Rose;
My perfume from Miss Heliotrope,
Who makes the best, the best that grows.

The pink and crimson poppies make
Me charming silken frocks;
I fashion all my petticoats
From ruffled hollyhocks.

I wear a trim nasturtium hat—
A different shade each day—
And leave a little stem attached
And hold it on that way.

I sometimes get a lacy veil
At dawn in Garden Street
That Mrs. Spider weaves at night;
It will not stand the heat.

My opera coat of grapevine leaf
Is lined with baby flowers;
I made it every bit myself,
Although it took me hours.

I found my necklace in the wood—
Red berries in a chain;
I use a mushroom parasol
To shield me from the rain.

And in my cosy bed of moss
Beneath the weeping willow
Each night I lay my head upon
A velvet pansy pillow.

But when the flowers all are gone,
I know what I shall do;
I'll pack my summer clothes away
And sleep the winter through.



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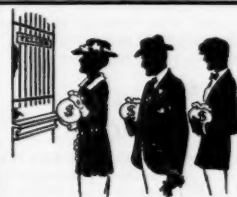
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DRAGON FLY

By Hilda Conkling



This poem in free verse is by a girl eleven years old who in spite of her youth has already won a place among writers of real poetry.

You jerk against the sun,
You twist your diamond wires and green-
gold scales,
You tilt your body . . . head down . . .
You quiver . . .
Are you angry or only excited?
I should think the ferns might be excited
Feeling you there;
And you never mention the reasons
For your coming.
Sure of your wings,
You have time in the air for thinking:
You poise and are content.
But only lizards among old stones
Can find as you find the unexpected turning;
You say: "It is time to go!"
And you have gone.

INVISIBLE BARRIERS

OUR country church stood in a grove of maple trees, and it became the home of many varieties of birds. Among these were the yellow-hammers, or flickers. There were a dozen or more of them, and they had cut holes in the weatherboarding below the eaves of the church roof and had made their nests there. They were so bold as to go ahead with their hammering on the Sabbath, even while the minister was preaching. That always interested the children, but it was very disturbing to the older ones, to whom the hour of worship did not seem so long.

So one day I drove to the church with the idea of covering over the holes and of studying out some way of frightening the birds away.

When I opened the door of the church I heard a flutter of wings and saw a brightly colored bird fly across the room and dash itself against the window. It was dazed by the sudden shock but soon righted itself and dashed back across the room for another window on the opposite side. Again it struck the glass, so hard as almost to break it. The bird made repeated attempts to escape; it seemed never to learn that there may be hindrances that the eye cannot see.

At last, exhausted, it dropped to the floor. I picked it up in my hands and stroked its beautiful feathers as they rose and fell with the frightened creature's quick breathing.

And as I mused the words "invisible barriers" kept coming into my mind. It seemed that I was like the church building and that the Saviour was seeking entrance into my life as the bird had sought to leave the building. I had made my profession of faith. I had given Him the invitation to come and live in me and to do his will in me. To all appearances the way was open, but Christ had not come in as freely as I had hoped. Now as the words kept repeating themselves in my musings I knew that there were "invisible barriers" that had kept the Saviour out just as that which seemed to be an opening to the bird had been closed by invisible glass.

I remembered the thoughts of my mind and knew that the Saviour could not come in to share them with me. I thought of the pictures hung on the walls of memory and knew that He could not walk with me through that gallery. I remembered the hopes and desires that contained so much of selfishness, and realized that they were barriers, invisible to the world and hitherto to myself, but barriers nevertheless.

And there too was the "invisible barrier" of my own stubborn will that would not submit. As I stroked the bird I lifted it from my lap and, opening wide the door, let it go free. And as the bird found its opening free from the hindering glass I prayed that God would break the "invisible barrier" of my will and let the Master come into my life unhindered.

LOVING AND CHASTENING

"AUNT NAN," cried Beth, running into her aunt's room, "I've been studying my Sunday-school lesson, and I'm in one of my awful tangles. It's because of the verse: 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Mary and I could think of so many cases where it seemed to be especially true—good people having such an awfully hard time, and others having everything their way. It seems awfully strange, doesn't it?"

"It does," replied Aunt Nan. "And it used to puzzle me too a great deal. Why should the good, I thought, be severely punished for the little wrongs they do, whereas the rest, who ignore religion, appear to be no worse off."

"Exactly," agreed Beth eagerly. "To punish seems a queer way for the Lord to show his love, doesn't it?"

"If you translate chastisement as punishment, yes; but the real idea in the word is training and discipline, which, as you know, is discipling. Haven't you ever thought, dear, how wonderful it would be to have been one of Christ's disciples and learn directly from Him? Whom the Lord loveth He takes as his own disciple is what the text means to me now. And the punishment, if there is any, is merely incidental.

"One of the clearest lessons I ever had came

to me in an unusual fashion. One day I suddenly realized that I was making little of my life. For years I'd been what I called a Christian, but I knew all at once that Christ hadn't guided my life; and from that moment I determined to let Him do it, to give myself up to his will absolutely.

"For a few days there was the most beautiful peace in my heart, and then into my life came a trial that for years I had dreaded and hoped to avoid; it was the one thing that I wasn't prepared to face. 'Thy will be done,' I should have said, 'except for that one thing.' I became bitter and rebellious. 'So this,' I thought, 'was what I got when I promised to submit my will absolutely to God's!'

"And then one day Sue Strayer, a girl whom I had known all my life, came to call. She had always been what we termed musical and was just returning from studying with a really great teacher in New York. He had told her, she said, that it was worth while for her to make a profession of her music. 'And, oh,' she added proudly, 'he's so strict with me now! He manages my entire life: my dressing, my eating, my exercising, my sleeping. And, oh, the practicing that he makes me do! If a thing is hard, he makes me do it again and again! Some of the other pupils are positively jealous when I tell them about it, for they know what it means.'

"Well, what does it mean?" I inquired rather absently.

"Sue drew herself up. 'It means,' she replied, 'that Signor Massoni thinks that I have in me the makings of a great singer. When you have just a pretty little voice he gives you a few exercises and hands you over to one of his assistants. But when he sees signs of what he calls the real thing he is absolutely merciless with you. He thinks of nothing except to make you just as perfect as he can. One girl complained of his being so hard, and he said, 'Why then did you put yourself into my hands? To have an easy time? All right; but if you have an easy time, you will smother the angel in you that wants to sing.'"

"I don't have to make the lesson any clearer, do I? You understand it, I am sure, just as I understood it then."

SHORTHAND UNDER THE CÆSARS

PLUTARCH mentions the speech on the conspiracy of Catiline as the only one of Cato the Younger's speeches that has been preserved. On the day that Cato made it Cicero had disposed in various parts of the Senate several of the most expert rapid writers whom he had taught "to make figures comprising numerous words in a few short strokes." Plutarch adds that it was then that shorthand writers made the first practical use of the art. But according to a writer in the Century Magazine the earliest use of an abbreviated form of writing goes back to 200 a.c., when the Roman poet Quintus Ennius used a system of eleven hundred signs that he devised.

Tiro, the reporter of the orations of Cicero, was in early life a slave, but, having acquired an education, he found favor with his master, who gave him his freedom and made him his secretary and confidant. Tiro was evidently a capable stenographer, for once during his absence from Rome Cicero wrote to a friend complaining that his work was delayed because, whereas he had been able to dictate to Tiro in periods, he now had to dictate to others in syllables.

The system of pothooks that Tiro invented came to be known as the Tironian Notes and was the basis of all the shorthand used during the days of the Roman Empire and the Dark Ages. It was, however, merely a system of ideographs, hundreds of different characters that had to be laboriously memorized. Shorthand systems based on phonetic characters were not invented until after the Reformation.

NAMING A HEROINE

IT was my privilege the other evening, says Mr. E. V. Lucas in Punch, to be consulted by a novelist of eminence on what names he should give certain characters in his new story. Anyone who overheard our discussion could never again adopt Juliet's light-hearted attitude with regard to the significance of names. In my friend's study there is everything in a name.

"I've got a girl," he said, "about twenty-two—modern, pretty, mischievous and with red hair. She's tall and slender. What shall I call her?"

"Many modern girls are called Peggy or Betty," I said after long and careful thought.

"She's not so frivolous as that."

"Well, then, Nancy?"

"No, she's not Nancy; she dresses too well."

"Olive?" I suggested.

"Didn't I mention that her hair is red?"

"Very well, then, Anne."

"No, Anne's impossible. I know an Anne."

"What about Eleanor?"

"Didn't I say she was mischievous? Eleanor's are never mischievous."

"Sheila is coming into fashion," I said.

"Sheila's impossible in this case. The girl's a Nonconformist minister's daughter."

"You never told me that," I replied testily.

"Really I must have the complete brief if I'm to be of any use."

"Very well, then," he said, "she hasn't got a dimple."

"Why do you tell me that?" I asked.

"To help you," he said. "It would make a

difference. If she has a dimple, you can't call her Matilda, for example, or Martha. And if her hair is bobbed, you can't call her Godiva. Unless the book is illustrated, the name must paint a portrait. Her hair is not bobbed."

"What do you say to Winnie?" I asked.

"Impossible. She's too tall."

"Then Clarice?"

"No, not with red hair."

"What about Posy?"

"Posy is for a smaller woman altogether. Something to pet. This girl is rather frightening."

"Oh, frightening, is she? Very well then, Pauline."

"No, not so impressive as that."

"Thora, then?"

"I ask you," he said scornfully, "would a Thora be pretty? She might be statuesque or beautiful, but not pretty."

I suggested Elspeth.

"No, that's Scotch. She's very English."

"Very well then, Neta."

"I can't use Neta. I know a Neta."

"Violet? It could be shortened to Vi."

"No, I know a Violet."

"But does that matter?" I asked.

"It matters very much. This isn't my first novel, remember. One has to be very careful."

"What about Margot?"

"Absolutely impossible."

"I can't think of any more names," I said.

"Oh, yes, Dorothy."

"I know a Dorothy."

"You know too many women," I said.

"I do," he admitted.

"What about Jocelyn?" I asked.

"I rather like that," he said. "Yes, Jocelyn isn't bad. Yes, we'll fix it at Jocelyn. You've been very useful to me; do you mind helping me with a man now? I've got a man—the hero, in fact,—good-looking, dark, serious, fastidious."

"John," I said at once.

"No, not quite John. John is all right up to a point, but after that he breaks away into something less solid, less honorable, less normal."

"Henry?" I suggested.

"No, not Henry. Some of him is Henry, but not much. He is rather too modern."

"What about Eustace?"

"No, he's better than that—more human."

"Leonard?"

"Isn't Leonard a little affected?"

"Perhaps so," I said; "but not so much so as Marmaduke."

"Then why drag Marmaduke in?" he asked sharply. "This is a serious matter, you know."

I nodded contritely. "How do you like Maurice?" I inquired.

"I know a Maurice."

"Or Edgar?"

"No, not suitable at all."

"Gerard?"

"I know a Gerard."

"You might dodge the difficulty by giving him a surname as a Christian name," I suggested; "such as, for instance, Grantley. His friends could call him Grant."

"That's not a bad idea," he said. "Yes, I think I'll adopt that."

So if you come across a new novel in the autumn with the hero named Grantley and a girl named Jocelyn, you will know whom to thank.

But I assure you I was very glad to get the matter settled.

THE LAST SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION

IN a recent number of The Companion we said that the last pensioned soldier of the Revolutionary War died in 1869, at the age of 109. A reader who is a great-grandson of the soldier,



The last survivor of the Revolutionary War and his wife

observing the item, has sent us this photograph of him and of his wife, who died at the age of 104.

The name of the soldier is Daniel Frederick Bakeman, and he was a resident of Freedom, Cattaraugus County, New York. He served during the last four years of the Revolution under Captain Van Arnum and Colonel Willett in the New York troops. By special act of Congress he was pensioned at the rate of five hundred dollars a year on a certificate that was issued on July 17, 1867. He died on April 5, 1869, at Freedom.

OUT OF A WHIRLPOOL

THE crew of a freight train rolling slowly along the rim of a cañon were watching a man in a small boat that was rushing down one of the many rapids of the Columbia River. Suddenly the engineer began to wave his arm

ALSO RAN



—G. E. Studdy in the Sketch.

wildly and to point ahead at the water. "Toot-a-too-toot!" sounded the whistle. What followed is best told in the words of Mr. Lewis R. Freeman, who was the occupant of the boat.

I recognized, he says in Down the Columbia, the familiar danger signal and was expecting to see a cow grazing nonchalantly on the weeds between the ties. Instead I saw the engineer's wildly gesticulating arm; he was pointing at something in the water ahead of me.

Then I saw what it was—a big black funnel-shaped hole down which a wide ribbon of water seemed to be taking a spiral tumble. That well-meant toot-a-too-toot, which was intended to prod, not a cow, but me into activity, was responsible for the predicament I soon found myself in, for, had I not ceased rowing as soon as I heard it, the skiff would probably have been moving fast enough when she struck the whirlpool to have gone through it. As it was she simply glided into the watery tentacles of the lurking octopus, snuggled into his breast and prepared to spend the night reeling in a dervish dance with him.

The whirlpool was by no means a small one, but fortunately the skiff was not carrying a heavy cargo. She was riding so buoyantly that she dipped only half a bucket or so of water once in every two or three times round the pool. When I saw that she could probably go on dancing for an hour or two without taking in enough water to sink her I had to laugh. Missing the water completely with half of my strokes, and dealing it only futile slaps with the others, I was making no more real progress than if I had been riding a merry-go-round. Yet I did not dare to put the stern any lower by sliding down into it and trying to paddle from that position, where the water was easy to reach. Finally I decided to lower the bow by working my weight forward.

Since the forward thwart was almost on a level with my head, that was not an easy thing to do, especially with an oar in either hand. Luckily, I was now using the ring oarlocks, and they came with the oars when I unshipped them. Standing up of course was out of the question. I slid off the seat backward to the bottom and wriggled forward until I felt my spine against the thwart. After getting my elbows over the seat behind me, I worked myself up into a rowing posture.

The whirlpool was spinning from right to left, and one quick stroke with my left oar against the current was enough to cause the boat to shoot clear. Bad swirls and two or three smaller whirlpools lay in her course for the next hundred yards; but she did not swing all the way round again, and soon I pulled into smooth water.

WHEN BULL SNAKE AND RATTLER MEET

ONE evening in summer several years ago, writes a contributor, while I was on my way to look at a trawling line that I had set for whitefish in the North Platte River I observed a commotion among my sheep, which were grazing near by. I knew at once that a rattlesnake was among them, for I could hear the rattles; but a moment or two later near the bank of the river I heard a noise of a different kind. On hurrying toward it, I found a huge bull snake that was lashing his head hither and thither in a frenzied attempt to disgorge an overgrown toad.

Just then I remembered the rather common tradition that bull snakes and rattlers are deadly enemies, and, grabbing the big fellow and thrusting him into a burlap bag I had expected to put my fish into, I ran at top speed to the place where I had heard the rattler. I found him, and he was a gigantic fellow, thickest, powerful of jaw and at least six feet long.

I dropped my bag, and out came the bull snake, free from the toad. He advanced threateningly toward me, but in a moment the rattlesnake sounded his rattles, and like a flash the bull

snake turned. Raising his head a foot or more, he remained quite motionless as if he were listening. Another buzz perhaps twenty feet away, and the bull snake knew where his enemy was. With a rush as if he were dropping from a height, he started for the rattler, which turned and fled. Fearing that he would disappear into a hole, I ran to head him off; but the precaution was not necessary. The bull snake quickly gained on him. When the snakes were perhaps six feet apart they stopped and remained perfectly still. At the end of maybe a minute the rattlesnake suddenly drew himself into a coil, and the bull snake started to circle the quarry, keeping about six feet from it. Gradually the bull snake moved faster and decreased the size of the circle, and all the while among the coils at the centre there was a humming and a buzzing of rattles such as I had never heard before. The flat triangular head of the rattler was almost hidden and lifted only occasionally; whenever it did lift, the little eyes would blaze and scintillate.

When the bull snake had almost encircled his foe with his length he suddenly drew himself together in a coil like that of his victim's, and from the midst of it raised and lowered his glistening, egg-shaped head. Never had I imagined so much fury, such terrible ferocity! The two writhing masses approached each other, and the hissing and the rattling ceased. The head of the rattlesnake began warily to emerge. Then the two heads lifted a foot and came together with an impact almost like that which a baseball bat makes when it strikes a baseball. For a time both snakes were so active that you could not see which had hold of the other. The two masses intertwined and lashed and tumbled and thrashed the earth too rapidly for the eye to follow.

Then the movements became almost imperceptibly less violent, and I could see that the bull snake had hold of his antagonist two inches behind the head. The rattler was vainly trying to embed his fangs in his adversary; both fangs, almost an inch long, were in plain sight. His head was almost flat; his beady eyes looked as if they would shoot out like his forked tongue.

Suddenly the bull snake made a terrific lunge, and his entire length shot to the other side of his enemy, which now lay stretched in the opposite direction. For a moment both lay outstretched; then the bull snake moved weakly away in the direction of the marsh. With his head bent back double, the rattler writhed in his last throes.

I followed the victor, but he had not gone far before he stopped and drew his whole length up into lumps almost like knots; then he turned on his back. By the fading light I could see many little pricks, dark with blood. The venomous fangs of the rattler had pierced him in many places. Before long he ceased to move. I returned to the scene of the fight, and there lay the rattler dead. The big toad, the unwitting cause of the struggle, was the sole survivor of the tragedy.

THE CRITICAL BARBER

NOVELISTS, it seems, are no heroes to their barbers. Mr. Thomas Hardy's barber recently confided to Mr. F. Hadland Davis that in his opinion the novelist is a sadly over-rated man. The fellow's comments as reported by Mr. Davis to the Bookman were these:

Such a quiet little man. You'd never know it was Thomas Hardy. Such an old overcoat and such a baggy umbrella! He used to talk to me about London as it was years ago when cock-fighting was all the rage. Never read his books—and never want to.

Americans seem to think a lot of him. One came in here not long ago. Said he: "Seen Thomas Hardy?"

"Oh, yes!" I said. "He sat in the chair you're sitting in."

"In this chair?" shouted the American, much excited.

"Yes," I said. "I cut Mr. Hardy's hair."

"Did you keep the hair you cut off?" asked the customer, putting his hand into his pocket.

"No," said I. "I didn't."

"Well, that's a pity," replied the Yankee; "because if you had, I'd have bought it!"

THE POLE OF INACCESSIBILITY

THE pole is by no means the most inaccessible point within the Arctic Circle. The hardest place to reach, we learn from Mr. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson's book, the Friendly Arctic, is more than four hundred miles south of the pole in the direction of Alaska.

That spot, which is designated by the figures 83° 50' N., 160° W., is really the "pole of inaccessibility" and is to the Arctic what the summit is to the mountain. Now that the North Pole has been reached perhaps the glamour of mystery that was popularly associated with it will be transferred to the pole of inaccessibility, although probably the only practical result of attempts to reach it will be the progressive exploring of the vast areas that surround it.

A SENSITIVE SPOT

ACCORDING to a New York newspaper, "McCoy was struck several times in the fracas—and twice between the lunch counter and the cash register." Nor is McCoy the first to receive a cruel blow in that general region, especially if the restaurant happened to be a fashionable one.

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GIRLS' PAGE for AUGUST

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE GIRLS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

SACHET NOVELTIES

MOST girls like to have attractive and novel sachets, which, if they are properly made, lend to household and personal linens just the right amount of delicate and refreshing scent—something not easy to obtain with ordinary perfume, which lasts only a short time and is very likely to be heavy and unpleasant while it does last. Moreover, making novel and attractive sachets is an occupation that requires skill, originality and good taste.

If you have access to a garden or to woods and fields, gather rose petals, clover blossoms and sweet peas and dry them to sprinkle on the cotton filling of your sachets. Many of the old-fashioned flowers, among them sweet William, pansies, mignonette and geranium leaves, are excellent for the purpose. But if you cannot gather the flowers themselves, buy a little of one of the best perfumes, in dry or in liquid form, and mix it with unscented talcum or with powdered orris root, using two parts of talcum or of orris root to one part or less of perfume. Sprinkle the powder lightly on the filling of each sachet.

There are sachets that you can make quickly and easily, and there are others that are elegant enough to make them gifts of considerable value. The materials may be scraps of ribbon and taffeta, bits of lace and odds and ends of embroidery silks. The charm of sachets lies more in their smallness, their dainty appearance and fine handiwork than in the materials from which they are made, although of course those should be suitable.

Figs. 1 and 2 show variations of a popular type of sachet—a packet of flat, small pillows with scented fillings fastened together with a narrow ribbon tied on top in a graceful bow. A packet generally consists of four pillows of silk, satin or taffeta, each pillow two and one half inches long and one and three quarters inches wide.

Several packets of the same color tied together with ribbon of that color or of a little deeper tint, with a few very small handmade flowers tied in with the bowknot, the whole placed in a small cardboard box covered with silk to match the ribbon tie, make a charming gift.

Newer than even the flower-trimmed packets are those trimmed with narrow fllet edging and having the recipient's initials embroidered in tiny letters in the upper left-hand corner. Make the initials not more than a quarter of an inch high. Use any style of lettering that you wish, but choose embroidery silk that harmonizes pleasantly with the cover of the sachet or makes a pleasing contrast with it.

Flower sachets made to resemble old-fashioned bouquets (Fig. 5) are very attractive if you make the flowers very small and dainty. The sachet powder is sprinkled on a circular pad about two or two and a half inches in diameter that is covered by the flowers of the bouquet. Make enough flat ribbon roses and ribbon forget-me-nots to cover the pad, arrange the roses in the centre of it, sew them to it and sew round them a wreath of forget-me-nots and leaves made from narrow green ribbon. Then finish the bouquet with a frill of lace.

For the flower-spray sachets (Fig. 3) arrange sprays of organdie or silk flowers, each flower made over a very small scented pad. Use wire from old millinery flowers for the stems and green ribbon for the leaves, or use millinery foliage. You can conceal the pads in the hearts of the flowers or you can make them into realistic centres for the flowers.

The embroidered packets shown in Fig. 4 may be of any fancy shape, but diamond-shaped packets and those with scalloped edges are particularly pretty. Embroider a different flower design on each packet but, to give uniformity to the whole, make the designs of the same general character, and use embroidery silks of the same quality and weight for all the packets. A basket of cross-stitch flowers makes an attractive design; but if you wish, leave the top plain and finish the sachet with a delicate lace cover. It is a good plan to use a variety of colors. A packet made up of one lavender, one green, one blue and one buff sachet makes a very pleasing assortment.

Still another style of sachet is one made to resemble a single large flower. (Fig. 6.) A dahlia, an aster, a pansy or any other flower that has interesting details is the best choice. Draw the outline and all the details on a square of silk. Fasten the silk in an embroidery frame and work the whole flower with flat stitch, in shades that suggest the real flower. Then make the filling, cut out the flower near the edge of the embroidery, trace from it on a piece of the same silk another outline for the back of the sachet and sew up the whole, with the filling between the two pieces.

Of course to make attractive sachets it is necessary to be particularly careful in the matter of preparing the fillings. Too much scent—even a very little too much—is unpleasant, and too little

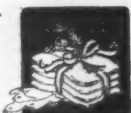


Fig. 1

means that your sachets are lacking in interest, no matter how pretty they may be. If you wish to use real flowers for the work, you should know how to pluck and prepare them for sachets, what combinations of flowers are most suitable for the purpose, and so on. Directions for preserving the scent of dried flowers were given in the Girls' Page for August, 1916, and for July, 1920, and there was an article on making artificial flowers in the Girls' Page for September, 1918. If you wish copies of The Companion for any of those dates, write to the Editor of the Girls' Page and inclose five cents for every copy desired.

LEARNING TO HEAR THE FALL INSECTS

THOSE who take pleasure in listening to bird songs have noticed that in early August the woods and fields become strangely silent. The birds are molting and resting after the nesting season. Sometimes for hours scarcely a bird note can be heard. Yet from every field, hedge and roadside there is a riot of melody, made by insects, that you can hear if you will take the trouble to learn how.

The musical insects—grasshoppers, katydids, crickets, locusts and cicadas—are far more numerous than the singing birds, and when you have once begun to distinguish their individual notes you will find apparently no end to the variety. With a little study in the field you can soon learn to distinguish in the insect music family characteristics as well as a certain number of definite individual parts.

Even though you may not know any other musical insect, you probably know the field cricket, whose cheery notes come to your ear all day and all night from the near-by field or garden. But have you seen one in the act of producing his music? Like other musical insects, the cricket is something of a ventriloquist. If you look for him in the field, you can tell the general direction from which his voice comes, but you will find it almost impossible to judge how near he is. You can find him by geometry, however. From where you are standing, mark his direction with an imaginary line; then walk off at right angles and from another spot mark his direction with another line. Your cricket will be at the intersection of the two lines. That method of finding an insect is even more necessary with some other insects than with crickets; with some, indeed, it is the only way.

There are other crickets, smaller than the field crickets, browner and with longer bodies, that inhabit the damp grass near ponds or swamps. At first you will scarcely hear them, but as you gradually sharpen your ears by listening you will become aware of many of the little musicians. These crickets, unlike grasshoppers, do not crawl up blades of grass; they live in the dark crevices of the earth, under thick-growing vegetation—a habit that, together with their earthy color, makes it difficult to see them, even when you have traced them to a very small area. A rustle, a shadow, a quick movement—and they are silent. But there is a fascination in searching that strange world and in hearing the music of crickets close at hand.

Soon the hidden musician appears—a strange and interesting creature whose world seems to be a shady forest floor, where there are great caves and ravines into which the sun does not penetrate. The caves and the ravines are the cricket's places of safety. Cautiously, nervously, he darts from one cavern to another, glancing from side to side as he makes his music. The notes are: "Tut, tut, tut, doo-e-e," repeated over

and over. The end is a little lower than the rest, which makes a prolonged and a mournful cadence. The whole melody is wistful and forlorn.

There are other kinds of insect music that will attract you. You may already know the notes of the cicada,—sometimes incorrectly called the locust,—those notes that shrill and swell and rise and die in the hot air round the trees above streets or dry fields. "Zing-g-g-g," he says, and if you have the good fortune to find him at his music you will see his fat, cone-shaped body expanding and contracting. The expansion and contraction set in motion a number of small, tight-stretched strings in a cavity near the base of the cicada's wings. The result is his marvelously loud and vibrant note.

Another interesting musician is the cone-headed grasshopper, who begins his rasping pulsations in the long blades of grass toward evening. He is a beautiful, lithe, pale green insect with long antennae and with wings that are longer than his body. If you capture him and toss him into the air, he will take wing and fly like a moth. Like all true grasshoppers, he makes his music by rubbing together his "shoulder blades," which are as stiff as mica and which produce vibrations that are intensified by a sounding cavity in his body.

Another grasshopper, smaller than that, and "chunkier," without the triangular head and with red shanks, puts forth among the scrubby woodland trees notes that are like the click of an angler's reel: "Tick, tick, tick, tick, cre-e-e." That is the *Orchelimum agile*. In the same sort of woodland you will find the *Acanthus fasciatus*, one of the tree crickets, which like the *agile* makes his music by raising his oval, transparent wings at right angles to his body and agitating them. The result is a soft, sweet trill, like the ringing of a very small electric bell.

A similar trill is produced in a different way by the locusts, which are distinguished from the true grasshoppers by their short antennae. Some utter their notes at night in weedy fields or in dry meadows and use in the process not their wings but their legs. On a moonlit night, or with an electric flash light, they can be found quite easily, for they crawl up weed stems and sometimes cluster near the tops.

Insects occupy a field of animal life that has been by no means fully explored. There is an opportunity for original investigation within sight of your own house.

MAKING MONEY AT HOME BY DEVELOPING FILMS

DEVELOPING films and making prints from them is an entirely feasible way for a boy or a girl to earn money in vacation time, for there are many amateur photographers who either do not know how to do the work for themselves or are not willing to bother with it.

Take a spare room in the attic, a corner of the cellar, or a part of the barn loft, and you will have all the room you need to do all the finishing you can get. The principal thing is to have water at hand.

Having chosen the site for the dark room, fit the room up. There must be at least one window.

Build a bench along one side of the room or set an old table against the wall, to serve as a bench. If you can, put a sink in one corner near the end of the bench. If you cannot have a sink, get a large shallow box and line it with white oilcloth; it will do just as well. Then get an extra table for the opposite side of the room and a chair or two.



Fig. 5

them face down on the cloth and place the frame over a gentle heat.

The professional finisher makes a large profit because he buys his supplies at wholesale and makes his own developing, toning and fixing baths; but the amateur finisher cannot do that.

The usual charge for developing is from ten to twenty-five cents a roll of film, according to the size, and from three to five cents apiece for the prints. That will average about thirty-five cents for developing and making six prints from each film you handle, and of that amount at least twenty cents should be profit. Five films a day means a profit of six dollars a week.

But do not expect business to come to you unsought and by accident. Let people know what you can do by displaying a sign large enough to be read easily, and by every other kind of advertising that you can afford.

A FAIRY SHOWER FOR AN AUTUMN BRIDE

THE underlying idea of a shower should be in harmony with the old belief in fairies—the "little people" who were credited with bringing all kinds of unexpected gifts and blessings. So if one of your friends is to be married soon, give her a fairy shower out of doors some bright afternoon.

A garden is the ideal place to hold the affair, but if the house is the only available place clear the room of ornaments and pictures, and decorate it with foliage, with flowers and with potted plants. No other decorations are necessary. There should be only an easy-chair, decked with greens and blossoms, for the guest of honor.

Wrap the presents in white and light green crepe paper, with a cluster of silver paper hearts attached by silver twine or green crepe-paper ribbons to every package.

To carry out the fairy idea, get two or three younger girls to help. Make each of them a fairy costume, which can be designed by modifying the directions for making a costume for a valentine fairy given in the Girls' Page for February, 1920.

Hide the fairies behind clusters of foliage and escort the guest of honor to her throne. Then let the fairies appear and present the gifts; if they can do it to the tune of soft, delicate music, played behind the scenes, so much the better. After that, lead the company into the dining room and let the fairies serve them.

Have a spray of fresh flowers and greens at every place. A big white-frosted angel cake with ribbon tinsel and alternate green and white crepe-paper ribbons radiating from it to the guests' places will make an attractive centerpiece.

Have the bride-to-be cut the cake, and serve vanilla ice cream with it. Plain glass dishes of white peppermints make attractive side dishes.

Before the party breaks up, play some suitable variations of amusing old-time games. What will you give an old bachelor? Can, for example, be played as, What will you give a young couple? Steamer basket too—introduced as a good going-away game—is amusing, and so are woodland lovers and find the ring.



Fig. 6

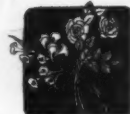


Fig. 3



Fig. 2



Fig. 4

Ask any questions you wish about the contents of this page. They will be gladly answered.

FAMILY PAGE for AUGUST

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE FAMILY PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

TELLING TIME BY THE STARS

It is not difficult to estimate time by a clock that has only an hour hand, and the ability to do it is useful in many ways. Suppose you are trying to point out a bird to some one. You say, "From the middle of the apple tree look toward the middle of the apple tree look toward four o'clock." That means "to the right and a little below." Nine o'clock would mean on a level to the left. That system is used in the army in telling marksmen where their shots strike on the target.

After a little practice in that kind of estimating, you can learn to tell time by the stars. There is a big hour hand in the northern sky that is easily found. The pivot on which it turns is the polestar, and it points to the Pointers, that is to the two stars in the end of the Big Dipper that are used to find the polestar.

You can estimate the time indicated by the position of that hand; but you must then add something, double and subtract to get the true time; for that hand goes round the wrong way, only once instead of twice a day, and loses two hours a month besides! Nevertheless, a simple rule covers all those things:

1. Estimate the time by the pole-to-Pointers hand.
2. Take the number of the month with an additional quarter, half or three quarters, according as it is nearer to the 1st of the month or to its quarter days, the 7th, 15th or 23d.

3. Add those two numbers, double the sum of them, and subtract the result from 54½.

The result will give the time, except that, if it is more than 12, you take away 12 one or more times until you arrive at the time. The examples shown in the illustration will indicate how it works out.

In estimating time by the stars you can hardly expect to come closer than the nearest half hour. If you cannot get out much at night you can practice estimating with the help of the cylinder star map described in The Companion for November 14, 1918. Set the shield for a special date and time, and from the Big Dipper on the end of the cylinder judge where the big hand would come in the sky. Then make your estimate, use the date just set on the shield, and figure out how near you can come to the proper hour.



February 1st
Big hand 3 54½
Month +2 -10
5 44½
×2 -36
10 8½



July 23rd
Big hand 6 54½
Month +7½ -27½
13½ 26½
×2 -24
27½ 2½



August 24th
Big hand 6 54½
Month +8½ -29½
14½ 24½
×2 -12
29½ 12½



October 21st
Big hand 6 54½
Month +10½ -33½
16½ 20½
×2 -12
33½ 8½



December 21st
Big hand 11½ 54½
Month +12½ -48½
24½ 5½
×2
48½

the great wheat "factories" of the world—to the American-Canadian West, or to the Pacific Coast, or to Hungary, or to Australia or Argentina or India or Siberia. In any one of those places he will find thousands of other men working at the same business. So many of them are engaged in that business that the machinery they need on their farms, the wagons that travel the roads, the storage houses in the towns, the banks, the very towns themselves, the freight cars, the great terminals, the factories at the terminals, have all been built to fit the production on the farm. That means that the wheat can be produced and handled and made into flour at a low cost, and yet at a margin of profit to all those who have a part in the processes.

That grouping of production is an essential of all manufacturing, and every line of farm production follows more or less closely the general rule. The bulk of our live stock comes from the Middle West; when we speak of oranges we think of Florida or California. Minnesota, Maine, Michigan and a few other states produce our potatoes. In every case that condition has come about because a group of men, working together in production, protect each other against losses, furnish each other the volume that makes local and terminal markets possible, and at last win direct marketing advantages for all those who are producing the same kind of products.

Wholesale production calls for wholesale manufacturing processes, wholesale distribution and wholesale retailing. If we may coin a new term to explain that our great cities are possible only because of the modern systems of producing and exchanging foods. Where thousands of men are gathered together as producers of food, other thousands can devote all their time to manufacturing those things that the farmer wants, and still other thousands can be kept busy supplying both groups, each with the products of the other.

That, reduced to its simplest terms, is production and exchange, and any plan that attempts to set aside the machinery of marketing or to substitute some "simple" method of exchange is likely to face serious difficulties.

Suppose a farmer attempts to market his own butter. At one season of the year he produces twenty pounds a week, at another season, sixty pounds. All he can promise to supply is twenty pounds. The rest of it he must market as he can, perhaps at a loss. But three hundred farmers, joining together, erect a creamery and manufacture butter in car-load quantities, and a great commission firm, dealing in butter, buys every pound of the output of that creamery at a fair price. Is it any wonder that the home manufacture of butter has all but disappeared? Is it any wonder that the market gardener prefers to sell his onions and cabbage to the greengrocer rather than to peddle them from door to door?

We once had an almost perfect system of producer-to-consumer marketing. We grew and ground into flour our own wheat. We cured our own meat and tanned our own leather. We cut our own lumber and built our own houses. We cobbled our own shoes. We had no middlemen to molest us or to make us afraid.

That was a system suited to another world. It had its advantages, but it had also its serious disadvantages, and the main argument against going back to the simple living of a century ago is that it took so much of one's time simply to get a living. We cannot all be cobblers, much as we dislike the high price of shoes. For us cobbling would be an expensive luxury. The best we can hope to do is to find some way by which, as consumers and as producers, we can share in the ownership of the great marketing machinery that modern civilization has built and that is essential to its existence.

Our interests as consumers are best served when we help to create a wide, steady market for the food products of the farm, and the farmer's best interests are served when he can market his products freely wherever they may be needed throughout the world. That does not deny us the pleasure of sending to the country for a case of eggs or of fruit, but it is well for us to bear in mind that when we do so we are merely walking down a very pleasant bypath and not a world thoroughfare.

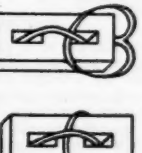
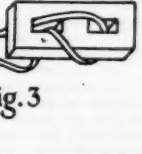
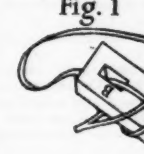
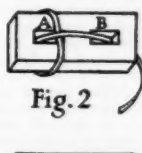
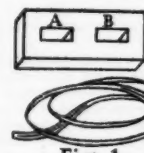
Fruit in process of preserving can be poured boiling hot into glass jars if the jars are set on cloth pads thoroughly saturated with water and

the funnel through which the hot preserves are poured is separated from the neck of the jar by little cotton pads, with space between them for the escape of air.

A PUZZLE FOR WHITTLERS

WHITTLE out two blocks of wood about four inches long, an inch wide and half an inch thick. (Fig. 1.) Through each block cut slots A and B, which should be three eighths of an inch wide and an inch long. Get a strip of flexible leather a foot long and a trifle more than a quarter of an inch wide, and in each end of it cut a slit two inches long.

To assemble the puzzle: Put one of the blocks halfway through the slit in one end of the strip of leather and pass the strip through the holes, but over the loop, as in Fig. 2. Then thread the other end of the strip through the second block (Fig. 3) and pass the first block through the loop. Draw



the loop back through the slot A in the second block and slip it over the end of the block as shown in Fig. 4. The two blocks will then be fast to the leather as in Fig. 5. Let some one try to take the blocks off the leather and put them on again.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

"I've sort of lived round among my folks for two years, now," Aunt Julia observed to a group of old neighbors. "They've all used me fine, but Martha Lou is the one I take the most comfort with. I hadn't been to Martha Lou's more than a week before I discovered that everybody in the family was amazingly happy."

"When I complained about the weather everybody looked surprised—they all seemed to like it. Martha Lou sang when she worked, and all the children joined in and helped with the singing and the work."

"Martha Lou was glad when the sun shone right on the table at breakfast time and when it lighted up the same table in the afternoon. And I declare I never did know such pleasant, jolly meals as we had."

"Nothing could happen in the church or the school or the neighborhood unless Martha Lou's family was all in it. And Martha Lou mended and made over and dyed and bargained, and everybody remarked how nice they always looked."

"I never knew anyone to have more friends than Martha Lou. And she makes 'em all welcome and rejoices or sympathizes, advises or stimulates as the case requires."

"I declare I don't understand it," I told her finally.

"Well," she said, "when Fred and I were married we didn't have very promising prospects, so I

determined one thing we should have anyway and that was happiness. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," you know, Aunt Julia. We've been happy. And the children are happy—nothing can take away their happy childhood as long as memory lasts."

"How did you do it?" I asked her. "Why, we just laughed and sang and planned little surprises and didn't take notice of every little thing that wasn't pleasant."

"Simple enough, come to think of it. And first thing I knew I had caught their ways. You know mother and I had lived alone so long we'd got kind of fussy and particular and worried a lot over everything we saw or heard of."

"But now when I stay with my namesake Julia and hear the everlasting worrying about clothes, or go to John's and hear hard times talked continually, or stay with the solemn folks at Laura's, or try to keep out of the way of Nancy's broom and dust cloth, I can't help wondering: 'What's it all about, anyway? What's the use of fussing? Why can't they all be happy like they are at Martha Lou's?'"

"It isn't that Martha Lou doesn't have just as many annoyances. She puts on her made-over dress with a new ruffle and her smiling face above it and looks so sweet that people say to me, 'Martha Lou always looks so charming!'"

"The war caught Martha Lou's old house right in the midst of being made over. Prices went up, and lumber and things were so hard to get, that they had to stop, and for more than two years she got on in a way that some members of our family would have considered disgraceful for themselves."

"But Martha Lou and the children took particular pains with the lawn and flower borders, and the big south window was such a riot of bloom the year round that everybody forgot the unfinished house in admiring the flowers."

"Martha Lou can count just as many troubles in her life as any of the rest can, yet everybody in her family, right down to the cat, is happy. Visiting round has set me thinking. What's the use of spoiling your own day and everybody else's by holding up all the unpleasant things you can find?"

THE CHAUTAUQUA RING

BORROWING the idea from the popular "threshing ring" of the West and Middle West, a community formed itself into little groups of four or five families to get through Chautauqua week easily and happily by combining resources and having a picnic supper every evening. Following the afternoon session the four or five neighbors—the men—drove swiftly home to do the chores, but left the ladies to rest and set out the picnic supper. The few home tasks, of which the milking was the biggest, were soon disposed of and the men were back for a long, leisurely meal under the trees on the grounds.

Where there were five ladies in the ring, each one looked after the supper for an evening; on Saturday they all had supper at home, since each family felt that six nights were as many as they could afford to spend away from the routine duties in one week. On Sunday all combined their food. They used three baskets for dinner and two for supper, in order to save packing and unpacking twice. Each family had its own picnic outfit of old dishes, old knives and forks, old napkins and a covered pail or can for ice. The dishes were taken home unwashed and put back into the basket every day after they had been cleaned.

There were rigid rules that governed the picnic suppers. Anything that bordered on extravagance or that made much work was frowned upon. Sandwiches, a salad, fruit, plain cake or cookies, hard-boiled eggs, celery and pickles or olives constituted the conventional supper. There was plenty of everything but no waste. Amounts were carefully calculated, and there were few left-overs. The cake was packed in a box that just fitted it, the salad in a crock, the baked beans in a covered dish, the slaw in a glass can. The tomatoes were washed, sprinkled with salt and wrapped in damp paper to be eaten like apples, the sandwiches went into a covered tin pail, the hard-boiled eggs into a box, the pickles into a jar, and so on through the list. Cold coffee was carried in a big milk can, and the milk for the children went in the ice pail, which kept it cool and fresh. There were few pies, but occasionally there were big fresh apple or berry or peach pies, carried in shallow boxes.

The plan gave each woman only two days of work—one when she served the whole supper, the other when she furnished a share of the Sunday supper. In some places there are no Chautauqua programmes for Sunday; so the day is one of rest from the continuous going. In the community here described there were two programmes, one for the afternoon, the other for the evening. Each woman took but one thing, and so the Saturday labor was lightened. One baked a big cake, another prepared the sandwiches, another the salad and pickles, and another the fruit or whatever was decided upon to fill out the list. It made going a pleasure, and the meals together furnished another social occasion for all the families—and country people never get too many social occasions.

Refinishing Furniture

It is in the

Family Page for September

MARKETING

III. Are Short Cuts in Marketing Practical?

MANY ways are suggested to reduce the cost of living. One of the commonest of them is some plan to bring the producer and the consumer into direct contact. The idea is that the producer will get a little more for his product, and that the consumer will pay a little less, and that all needless cost will be eliminated.

There is truth and merit in the idea—but just enough to blind us to the fact that it is no solution of the great problem of marketing. All that the parcel-post plan of marketing can do—all that the establishment of public markets where the farmer can meet the consumer and trade his wares for dollars can do—is to touch the edges of the great, world-enfolding marketing problem. No plan has yet been devised that can take care of the farmer's surplus, and no plan has been suggested that makes provision for the consumer when the farmer is not on hand with the necessary food.

The fact is that those who look to direct farm-to-table marketing to reduce the high cost of living fall entirely to see how small a part such marketing plays or ever can play in the life of the nation. Nothing is more desirable than that public markets should bring the fresh bloom of the gardens to the people of the cities. Nothing can excel the parcel post in delivering fresh eggs and butter from the farm to the city home. But, after all, it is only a drop in the bucket compared with the immense volume of the business of producing, preparing and transporting the amount of food that is necessary to supply the wants of a hundred million people.

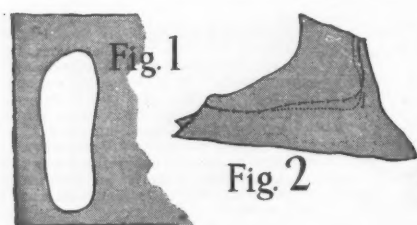
Cheap food is not always a blessing. It is much more to the point to have an abundance and a steady supply. Cheap food may mean that the man who grew it has not been paid for his labor, and that he may quit producing food for some more profitable occupation.

In order that we may have not cheap food but food in plenty and whenever we need it, we must also have the wholesale production of raw foods, the wholesale manufacture of them into food ready to use, and a world-wide system of distributing and retailing them. The time when a farm or a neighborhood can be sufficient to itself passed with the coming of the locomotive and the modern factory. Now when a farmer desires to grow wheat he will go, if he is a good business man, to one of

If any questions you wish about the contents of this page They will be gladly answered.

BOYS' PAGE for AUGUST

Address your letters to THE EDITOR OF THE BOYS' PAGE, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN MOCCASINS

THERE are two main types of moccasins, hard-soled and soft-soled. The hard-soled were, and to some extent still are, worn by the plains Indians. The tribes of the Great Lakes region, the eastern United States, eastern and northern Canada and the interior of British Columbia and the so-called "horse Indians" of Idaho, eastern Washington and eastern Oregon wear soft-soled moccasins of one pattern or another. Unlike their brethren far to the east, the Northwestern Indians have not taken kindly to the white man's shoes, although their method of making moccasins has been somewhat modified by white influence. Linen thread has supplanted sinew, and sewing machines have taken the place of the more laborious handwork; but the finished product looks the same and smells the same as the old-time moccasin. The smell of a newly made moccasin is indescribably pleasing, redolent as it is of the odor of burnt willow that the skin acquires in the smoking process.

The Yakima, a tribe of three thousand members who occupy a large reservation in southern Washington, make a shapely and useful moccasin devoid of ornament of any kind. Other Northwest tribes wear moccasins of about the same style, the only differences being in minor details.

GETTING THE HIDE READY

Soft-tanned leather for making Yakima moccasins can be bought, but it is rather expensive and, being chemically tanned, does not answer the purpose so well as Indian-tanned leather. The fun and satisfaction derived from tanning a skin after the Indian fashion is worth all the time and elbow grease that the task requires.

An eight-pound green calfskin will make one pair of moccasins and leave enough material for extra laces and patches that will be needed later on. You can obtain a green calfskin from almost any butcher shop.

Bury the hide in warm, soft mud for three days. At the end of that time place the hide, hair side up, on several clean gunny sacks or on an old quilt spread smooth on the ground. Stake the hide firmly with wooden pins driven through the edges, and then with a dull knife or a dull adz or a common garden hoe scrape off the hair, which will have been loosened by the mud. Take care not to gouge or cut the skin. When the hair is completely removed, turn the hide over, stake it as before, and scrape off all the meat, fat and grease. Wash it in warm, soapy water, rinse it thoroughly and wring it fairly dry, and the hide is ready for the actual tanning.

TANNING THE SKIN

There are various tanning methods. Perhaps the easiest is that employed by many of the woods Indians. Chop hemlock or oak bark into small pieces and boil them for an hour until you have a strong, ink-colored solution. Immerse the hide in the solution for three or four days until it is dyed a dark brown. Then take the skin from the tanning liquid and when it is about half dry work it see-saw fashion across a rope stretched between two trees, round a wooden stake or round the trunk of a smooth-barked tree. The skin must be worked until it is thoroughly dry and is soft and pliable.

SMOKING THE SKIN

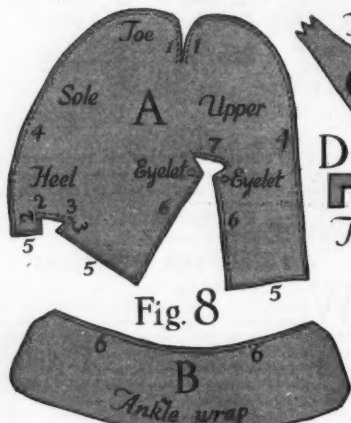
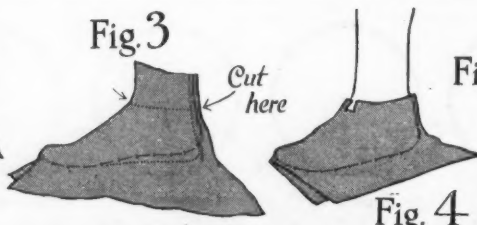
Now the skin must be smoked, which will prevent it from becoming stiff after a wetting. Dig a hole in the ground and build a hot fire in it. When there is a good bed of red embers throw on a quantity of damp, decayed wood. Maple or willow is good. Hang the skin close over the smoke on any kind of wooden frame that will keep it over the fire pit. Change the position of the skin occasionally and turn it over every half hour for three to five hours. By that time it will be thoroughly impregnated with the smoke and will have the real Indian smoke-tanned smell and appearance.

THE CLOTH MODEL

Before attempting to make the moccasin, make a cloth model, following closely these directions: 1. Lay a piece of cloth eighteen inches square flat on the floor. Place the left foot on the cloth, the outside of the foot about two inches from the left edge of the cloth. (Fig. 1.)

2. Draw the cloth snugly across the foot from right to left. Begin at the great toe and pin the cloth together round the outside edge of the foot to the heel, and up the heel to a point even with the ankle joint. (Fig. 2.)

3. Beginning at the ankle joint, cut round the ankle to the instep and then back on the other side, making a complete circuit. That removes the surplus cloth from the top. (Fig. 3.)



4. At the instep, starting from the edge just cut, make an opening one inch deep and one and one fourth inches wide, to allow for the tongue. (Fig. 4.)

5. Starting at the base of the great toe, on the right-hand edge, trim away the surplus cloth, following the pinned outline round the foot to the heel and up the heel. (Fig. 5.)

6. Mark on the sole the centre of the toes and the centre of the heel. Unpin the model and lay it flat. Fold the left side of the sole from left to right at the points just marked on the sole. (Fig. 6.)

7. At the fold at the heel cut out a V-shaped piece of cloth three fourths of an inch long and one half of an inch wide, to remove whatever pucker there is at the heel. (Fig. 7.)

The cloth pattern spread flat should now look like pattern A in Fig. 8. Sew the cloth pattern together with large stitches, joining the seams numbered alike and in the order named, as 1 and 1, 2 and 2, and so forth, as they are designated in pattern A. If the cloth model fits, rip open the seams and use it as a perfected pattern.

CUTTING AND SEWING

Place the cloth pattern on the hair side of the skin. Outline it with pencil and cut out the leather for the sole and the upper. Then turn over the cloth pattern and cut out the sole and the upper for the other foot.

Sew the moccasin together wrong side out; that is, with the hair side in. When you have finished, turn the hair side out, which will bring the seams on the inside. The seams are joined in the same order as were those of the cloth model, but the stitches should be small and the sewing done with waxed shoemaker's or lightweight carpet thread. The sewing will be easy if the seams are kept moist with saliva or lukewarm water.

After you have sewed the soles and uppers together you can cut from the scraps of the skin the ankle wraps, tongues and trail marks, which are represented by patterns B, C and D, respectively, in Fig. 8.

The ankle wraps are four inches high, with the seams numbered 6 the same length as seams 6 of the uppers.

The tongues are about five inches long and one and one fourth inches wide at seam 7.

The trail marks are cut to fit the heel seams on the soles and are sewed on last of all, after the ankle wraps and tongues have been sewed to the uppers and the moccasins have been turned right side out. After you have done all the sewing, punch the eyelets in the uppers and through them run thong laces thirty-six inches long, and the moccasins are ready to wear.

Moccasins are bound to get wet even in dry weather if they are worn canoeing, fishing or round a lake or a stream. The best way to dry them out overnight is to stuff them with clean, dry moss and hang them in the smoke of a small camp fire. The moss absorbs the moisture and helps to preserve the shape of the moccasins. When they are almost dry, remove the moss and rub and work them a little, to make them as soft and pliable as when they were new.

JOHN BURROUGHS'S PENHOLDER

IN almost any region east of the Mississippi the swamps hold, ready for your hand, the material for making your own penholders. That material is nothing more or less than the common reed familiarly known as the cat-tail. As the



fall approaches, the stalk of the cat-tail turns to a light brown, and at the same time the long leaves dry up. The stem, which during the summer is green and pliable, now becomes dry and stiff, and on examination will be found to consist of a shell with a pithy core.

To make a penholder, cut the stem close to the ground, strip off the dead leaves, and divide it into penholder lengths. If you like a thick penholder, use the lower end of the stem; if you prefer a slender one, cut it from nearer the top.

Into the pithy core of the stem, close to the outer shell, push your steel pen. You will then have a penholder that is very light, and therefore easy on the hand, and that will have cost you nothing except the pleasure of making it. John Burroughs did most of his writing with penholders of that kind and used to take delight in giving them to friends who called upon him at his cabin, "Slab-sides."

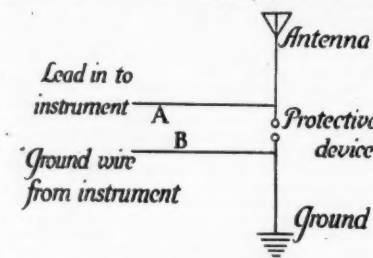
The Newest Football

It is in the

Boys' Page for September

GROUNDING THE RADIO ANTENNA

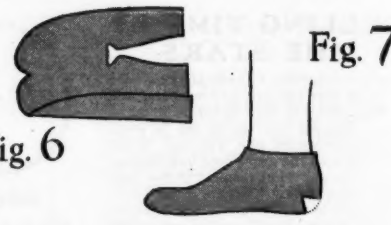
THERE is no more danger of lightning striking a house that is surmounted by a radio antenna than one that is not. The ordinary safety precautions are intended to guard not so much against the pure chance of an actual thunderbolt, which might melt the antenna wire and so be deflected into the ground before it entered the house, as against the potential induced in all wires in the neighborhood of a lightning flash, which might damage the instruments and possibly set fire to the insulation if it were not carried off into the ground. For city dwellers there is really more danger from possible accidental contact of the antenna with trolley or electric-light wires than



from lightning, but it is just as easily done away with. Do not permit the antenna to cross any wires carrying a current of six hundred volts or more, and place it so that if it should sag or fall it could not come in contact with them. With the indoor single-wire or loop antenna no protective device is necessary.

For a simple receiving set the grounding plan shown in the accompanying figure complies with all the requirements of the proposed new rule 86 of the National Electrical Code, which makes the grounding of the set less cumbersome and costly than before, and is now pretty generally accepted. The heavy, single-pole, double-throw switch with a five-inch break, employed in the past, need not be used, and one ground wire is made to serve where two were used before.

The copper ground wire, not smaller than No. 14 B. & S. gauge, should run in as straight a line as possible to a permanent ground, such as water piping, driven plates or pipes, or the steel frame of a building, and should be connected by a ground clamp. The protective device and ground wire



can be either inside or outside the building, as is most convenient, and a switch of any sort, though not required, may be inserted between the lead-in and ground wires, connecting points A and B in the diagram, so that when closed it forms a shunt round the protective device. The approved protective devices, which cost only a dollar or two, are not like fuses that blow out when they operate, but are really permanent pieces of apparatus. When a potential of sufficient strength to cause damage to the instruments is set up in the antenna the gap in the protective device breaks down and the current utilizes the direct route to the ground thus provided, instead of entering the instruments.

After installing a receiving set it is wise, though not absolutely necessary if you have complied with either rule 86 of the National Electrical Code or with the proposed revision of the rule, to write to your insurance company and inform them of the fact. Amateur installations are usually accepted without inspection, on the statement of the owner, to whom the company sends a note, to be attached to the insurance policy, to the effect that permission is given for the use of the radio on the insured premises. The process is perfectly simple; an amateur radio installation does not add to the risk on the house or increase the cost of the policy in the least.

SOME THINGS THAT ARE HARD TO DO

YOU may know how many muscles there are in your body, but if you wish to make the acquaintance of one of them that you know only by name try this: Fold your thumb inside your palm and close your fingers over it. Now tuck your closed hand far up under your armpit, but keep your elbow as close to your side as possible. Next carefully remove your thumb from the palm of your hand without unclosing the hand. That will not be hard, but now try to put it back again. Just as you are on the point of succeeding a little muscle in your wrist will let you know that it doesn't care for that kind of exercise.

To show in an interesting way how strong a horsehair is, get one from a horse's tail and ask one of your friends to lie flat on his back. Hold the hair fast, one end in each hand, across the bridge of your friend's nose, even with his eyes; let him try to sit up. He cannot do it without breaking the hair, and, unless his nose is much tougher than most persons' noses are, he will give up after one or two attempts.

When next you hear anyone boast of how limber he is, ask him if he can "shake hands" behind his back. Here is the way to go about it: Raise your right hand over your right shoulder and place it as far down your back as you can reach. Now put your left hand under your left shoulder and reach as far up your back as possible. The object is to have both hands meet so that you can place them palm to palm, and close one over the other. You may be able to do it, but the chances are that your father cannot.

SELLING BLACK WALNUTS

IN the Middle West a boy living in a neighborhood where there are many black walnut and hickory trees suspected that he had a source of pocket money right at hand. He wrote to the advertising department of several large daily newspapers and got names of firms that might be interested in buying nuts. In that way he learned of several possible purchasers and found a wholesale grocer in a near-by city who offered a good price for both walnuts and hickory nuts and was willing to accept before Thanksgiving time all that the boy would ship.

In the fall the farmers do not have time to gather nuts, and so the boy found no difficulty in getting permission to harvest those on neighboring farms. Those on his own farm he had always gathered.

If a tree had a good crop, he could pick and shuck one hundred pounds of walnuts in a day, which at top price brought nine cents a pound. Though hickory nuts were worth about twice as much, walnuts paid better because they are bigger, lie thicker on the ground and are easier to shuck.

The boy's method was to pick all the nuts he could after school and on Saturdays and to shuck them in the evening and on rainy days. He shucked his nuts on a block with a wooden mallet. After he had shucked them he spread them out on a floor to dry and turned them with a shovel every day or two to keep them from moulding. He shipped the nuts in burlap bags by express. His best market was before Thanksgiving, and there was no market at all after Christmas.

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HOW TO EXERCISE

FOR preserving health and prolonging life exercise is as indispensable as breathing, eating or sleeping. Properly performed the right kind of exercise aerates the blood, strengthens and regulates the heart, makes the circulation active, excretes the poisons formed in the body and gives tone and vitality to all the organs and tissues.

What is the most suitable form of exercise depends more or less on the surroundings, the occupation and the taste of the person concerned. The man or woman who is compelled to remain in the city is necessarily deprived of certain forms of exercise that are easy for a person who can live in the country, and the man who is at his desk the entire day usually cannot take the same kind of exercise as the man, equally hard worked perhaps, who is freer to alternate his hours of work and of relaxation. Finally the exercise a man selects must be agreeable to him, for otherwise it probably will not do him any good.

Exercise should always be taken in the open air, or if not actually out of doors at least before an open window. That is the first and most important requisite. Moreover, the exercise should be such as to bring a large number of muscles into play at once and to move all the large joints, including the spine. It should not demand complicated movements that require much skill. A person who is compelled to exercise indoors can easily devise a set of movements that will include swinging the arms in various directions; flexing and extending the elbows; bending forward, backward and sideways with the hands on the hips and raising first one leg and then the other, twisting the body to the right and to the left while keeping the feet together, moving and twisting the head in every direction. The best exercise that a man can take is to walk briskly, holding his head erect, swinging his arms and breathing fully and deeply. The distance he should walk is at least two miles a day, and four or five miles if possible; and if he can take the walk (not the stroll) with an agreeable companion, so much the better, for then he will not be bored and the talking will make him breathe deeper.

PRAISE TO THE FACE

"CHARLOTTE, what in the world have you been doing to Janice Everard?" demanded Betty, reaching for a fan and mopping her hot forehead. "I've just seen her off at the station; I didn't get home from Cousin Lucy's till this morning, and I couldn't get round in time for a call; but mother said she was leaving by the eleven-fifteen, so I managed to run down for just a word."

"It seems to have been a word of accusation to judge by your tone," responded Charlotte dryly. "What did she say I'd been doing to her? I thought she'd had a pretty nice visit on the whole, and I'm sure I didn't do anything dreadful."

"On the whole!" exclaimed Betty. "Then there was something queer!"

Charlotte shook her head regretfully. "Too bad little Charlie had a toothache, and I couldn't leave to see Janice off myself. Evidently it wasn't discreet to leave her at the mercy of the first inquisitive friend who came along. I can see some harmless little molehill of a remark of hers erupting into a perfect volcano if I'm not careful."

"Don't be a tease," protested Betty; "and I wasn't inquisitive; really I wasn't. But when I observed in a perfectly casual conversational manner that I supposed you and she had had a lovely time together, and she said, 'Oh, yes, lovely—after she had me trained'—well, anybody would have wondered."

Charlotte chuckled. "I thought she realized I'd been training her, but I wasn't certain. It was this way, Betty: Of course Janice is a darling, and she did me the honor to think Charlie and Kit were darlings too. Also she thought they were pretty, and she praised them to their faces all the time. It would be, 'O Charlotte, aren't Kit's curls lovely when the sun strikes them? He looks like a little Van Dyck prince!' Or, 'O Charlotte, where do you suppose Charlie got those

beautiful great blue eyes of hers? Isn't she the sweetest thing ever in that blue linen frock that just matches the color!' I protested once or twice mildly and politely, but it made no more impression than water on a duck's back. So the next time she exploded in ecstasy and the children were still interestedly expecting more,—Charlie loved it all too well, and Kit cringed with shy misery,—I burst out in my turn. 'Janice dear, I remarked fervently, 'I never saw you look lovelier! That brown dress brings out the chestnut shades in your hair to perfection, and I declare your cheeks are as pink as rose leaves. You are an exquisite creature really. I wonder did I ever tell you so? Romney ought to have painted you.'"

"Charlotte, that was pretty steep! And you such a reticent person! Did she see the point? She must have!"

"Not that time. She got pinker and gasped, 'Why, Charlotte!' I think she rather liked it. M'm'm! Flattery isn't the hardest thing to swallow—at least, not the first dose. But the next time she looked queer, and the next she looked queerer. And—well, the last day or so the conversation was comfortably plain and sugarless. But Charlie has learned to love the looking-glass, and Kit has grown so conscious of his curls, poor boy, I'm going to cut them. So it's a good thing if I've really got Janice trained before she visits Jessie McQuarrie and her youngsters; only—I hope she wasn't really vexed. I'm fond of Janice."

"She wasn't," Betty assured her. "She was just amused. Her eyes all crinkled up when she remembered, and her mouth twitched at the corners."

THE HOME TRAIL

NOT long ago, writes a correspondent, a story in The Companion of a cat that displayed remarkable intelligence reminded me of an experience that some friends of mine had with their pets, a tiger cat named Frisky and a Saint Bernard dog named Teddy.

The two pets were always on friendly terms with each other and were devoted to their master and mistress, a Mr. and Mrs. M—. When the family moved to Sagamore, a town on Cape Cod about thirty miles from the one in which they had been living, they were obliged to leave their pets behind at the house of a neighbor.

A week later when Mr. M— was going along the main road near Sagamore he saw a huge Saint Bernard dog and a tiger cat walking along wearily side by side. "Just like Teddy and Frisky!" he exclaimed. "Wonder whom they belong to?"

As they came nearer he was amazed to discover that the pair really were Teddy and Frisky. They greeted him enthusiastically. He took them to the new home, and when his wife heard that they had trudged thirty miles to find their old master and mistress she was so deeply touched that she insisted on keeping them.

The family with whom the cat and dog had been left said that the pets had disappeared after the first day. There is only one main road on that part of Cape Cod, and it passes through several small towns; whether Teddy and Frisky had searched each town for Mr. and Mrs. M— I don't know, though it is probable that they did.

PHRASES INTERPRETED

THE most truthful of us do not always say exactly what we mean. There are, says the Independent, phrases and idioms that are used in a purely symbolical sense, although we use them so often as to be unaware of the fact. For example:

"Two or three" always means at least three, or three and upward. "One or two" seldom if ever means one.

"In a minute" means anywhere from five to fifty minutes.

"That reminds me of a story" means: "Now you keep quiet while I tell my joke."

"I hold no brief for" means: "I am now going to defend—"

"While I do not wish to appear critical" means: "But I am going to have my say out anyhow."

"Of course it's no business of mine" means: "I am simply devoured with curiosity."

"My conduct calls for no apology and needs no explanation" is the usual introduction for an apology or an explanation.

"No one could possibly have mistaken my meaning" is what we say when some one has mistaken it.

A WELCOME FAILURE

THE intelligence tests that the experts in psychology use naturally puzzle the children a little. They are not quite clear in their minds just what it is all about, as this little story from Everybody's Magazine shows:

Recently in one of the public schools on the lower East Side of New York City the children underwent the Binet test. One of them, having been graded as subnormal, was sent to the Institute for the Feeble-minded, but, since the directors of that institution decided that she was too near normality to be suited to their methods, she promptly returned to her old school. Her mates, who thought that she had gone permanently, were astonished to see her, and one of them explained:

"Minnie, she went away to get examined to be an idiot, but she didn't pass."



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To capture the heart of a child—try this

LITTLE Jean was the son of a baker, who lived, about the year 1550, in the Province of Languedoc. One day little Jean, despite the stern caution of his bearded père, dabbled with some dough and first discovered, by happy chance, the secret of cookies.

What a century-long train of youthful joy this dear little French meddler started! To us, to-day, the memory of mother's cookies is still a strong home tie.

But—more shame—too often we are breaking the tender traditions of cookies for children.

Come mothers, let's give our children a perhaps long deferred treat by making a batch of wholesome Crisco cookies this very day. The recipe given below is so

simple that a short 20 minutes will see your cookies in the oven.

Notice how quickly and easily pure vegetable Crisco creams with your sugar. And if you like money-saving arithmetic, sharpen your pencil. For you use $\frac{1}{2}$ less Crisco than you would expensive butter.

But your real reward will come a few minutes later when your children's happy faces reveal the planting of a memory of you they will not soon forget. No need to check their eager appetites! For children digest Crisco foods in a natural, easy way.

If you wish to double our cookie recipe and make a reserve supply—don't hesitate. Crisco cookies, you know, like Crisco cakes, stay fresh for a surprisingly long time.

When ordering, ask your grocer if he knows of any shortening besides Crisco which stays sweet and wholesome indefinitely without ice-box help.

An exceptional cook book for 25c

This book, "A Calendar of Dinners," was written by Marion Harris Neil, formerly cooking editor of the Ladies' Home Journal. It gives 615 exclusive recipes, 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. Complete cooking timetable. Helpful hints for judging and cooking meats, fish, fowl and game. New suggestions about pie-baking and cake-making. Cloth bound. Profusely illustrated. Although this book costs more than 50c to publish, it is gladly sent to friends of Crisco for 25c in stamps or coin. Write to Section G-8, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



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Quick Oatmeal Drop Cookies

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1½ cupfuls sugar | 1 teaspoonful powdered ginger |
| 1 cupful Crisco | 1 cupful stoned dates cut fine |
| 3 cupfuls rolled oats | or raisins and nuts |
| 2 eggs | 1 teaspoonful baking soda |
| ½ cupful sour milk | 2 cupfuls flour |
| 1 teaspoonful powdered cinnamon | 1 teaspoonful salt |

Cream Crisco and sugar thoroughly together. Add eggs well beaten, rolled oats, dates, salt, spices, soda dissolved in milk, and flour. Mix and drop from spoon on Criscoed baking tins. Bake in moderate oven from ten to twelve minutes. Sufficient for 50 cookies.

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which stay fresh longer

For digestible
and flaky pastry

For crisp digestible
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